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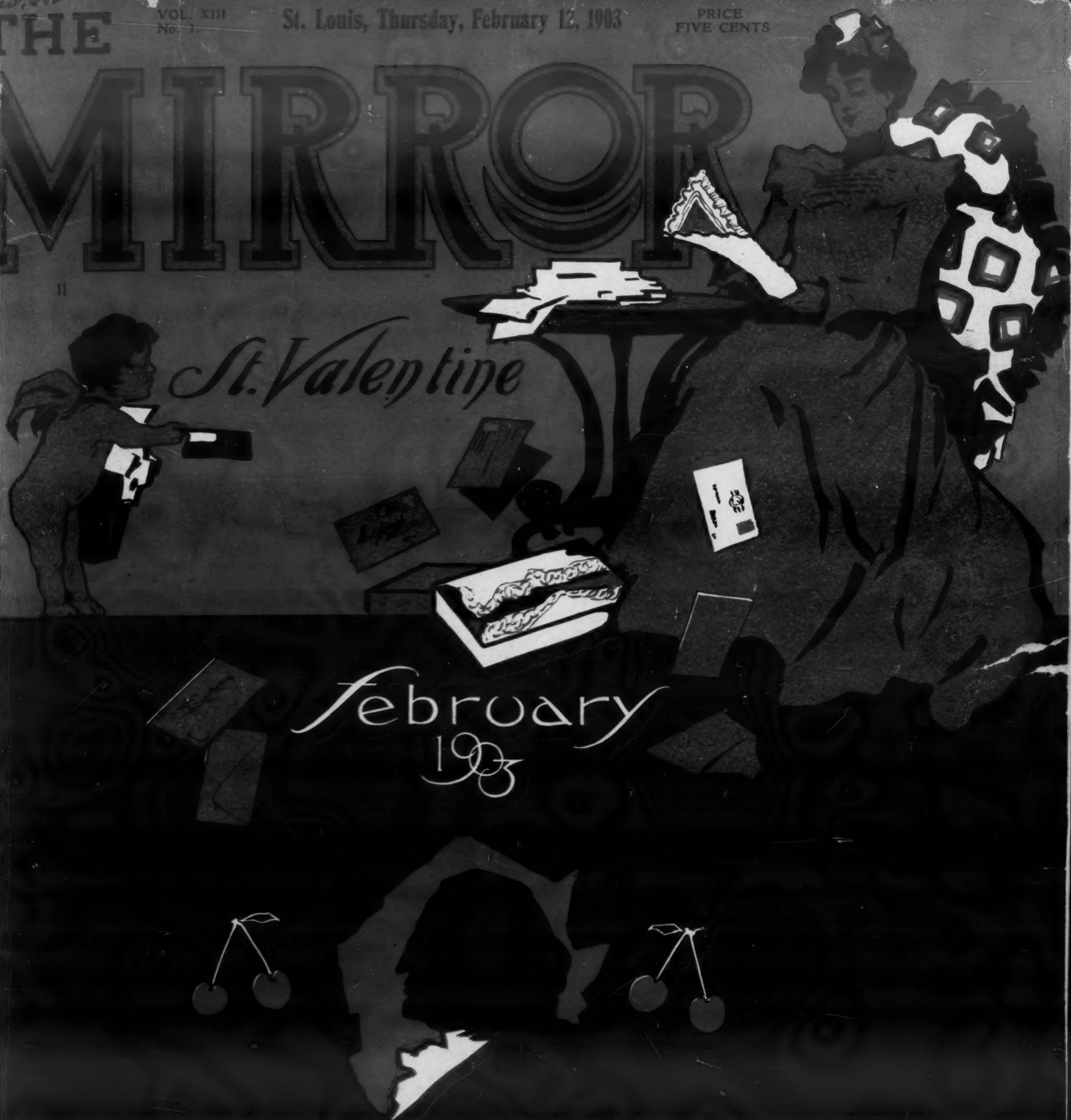
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St. Valentine

February
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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THE February number of the *Valley Magazine* has made its appearance. If you know what is good in periodical literature, you want to buy this number once. It is of artistic make-up and its list of contents well above the current standard of monthly magazines. *The Valley Magazine* is the "real thing." Price five cents the copy.

GET RICH QUICK

BY W. M. R.

THIS came to the editor of the MIRROR on a postal card last Saturday:

The editor of the Mirror knows everything. What is the quickest and surest way to get a large fortune these days?

That's easy.

Get a privilege, a franchise. Then you can use everybody's property as your own and charge them for using it. Get in with the interests that exploit the people at large and you are all right.

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NO DARK-LANTERN REFORM

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE MIRROR is informed that a movement has been inaugurated in the reformers' room of the Noonday Club, having for its object the putting up of a bi-partisan ticket for the City Council at the election to be held in April next.

Such a movement is not as good as it looks. There is no reason to believe that a secret political conclave at a swell club will take any more or better care of the general interest than a caucus at Gilhooley's gin-mill. There is reason to suspect that special interests will be taken care of first in the selection to be made at a club composed chiefly of representatives of certain privately controlled but quasi-public interests.

A self-selected coterie of members of the Noonday Club is not in any sense representative of the whole people of St. Louis, and the choice of a ticket by such a coterie would be offensive to all the ideas involved in the words "self government" as applied to this municipality. The attempt to "ring in" on the people three Democrats and three Republicans, by men not authorized to represent either of the great parties, is, at least, suspicious. It looks like an attempt to corral the upper chamber of the Municipal Assembly in the interests of certain elements which do not want competition during the expansionist period of the World's Fair in this city. The movement comes from a locality much too near the close corporation that controls this town through the World's Fair, the banks and trust companies, the street railways, the gas and electric light companies. The un plutocratic section of the community, the common people, so to speak, have no voice whatever in the proposed movement.

It will not do to have a Council elected that will look at the general problem of local administration from the viewpoint of men who, whatever their standing, in so far as they hold to a certain undue reverence for the opinions and desires of those who are intent upon preserving a legislative, political, social and financial mastery of the situation, must be regarded as nothing more than exalted types of "the powers that prey." To the mind of the editor of the MIRROR, there is no preference for a control of the city government by merely wealthy and not unselfish men, who can get what they want by virtue of their wealth and position,

over a control of legislation by ward-politicians and even "boodlers." Government by the Noonday Club is not essentially more ethical than government by the Jefferson Club or the policeman's club. What is wanted is government by the people, and to get that, the candidates for office should be chosen by men who, in some way more convincing than by their own selection of themselves, may be considered as representing all the people.

Mayor Wells is said to favor the Noonday Club's bi-partisan scheme, but if he does he is liable to make a great mistake. If he wants a Council to confirm his appointments, he desires only what is natural, but that is not the first thing to be asked of a Council. The first thing requisite is that the Council represent the people. Mayor Wells, judging him by his record, public and private, will nominate good men for the places within his gift, but if Mayor Wells, elected as a Democrat and as a representative of all the people, ties himself up with a small group of self-constituted censors of the public, influenced consciously or unconsciously by interests that want to be "protected" against legislation in the interest of the whole public, he will be subject to the criticism that he wants to reform everything except the "cinch" that is held on this city by the incorporated holders of public utilities.

This city does not want a City Council composed of men who will want to control the Mayor's appointments in any private interest. This city does not want the Mayor to enter into any "deal" with any Council as to the confirmation of his appointments, whether the Council be chosen by the Noonday Club or the Jefferson Club, or the select committee of nine of the Democratic City Central Committee. This is no time for resort to the dark-lantern method of nominating public officers, and it is a time to regard with suspicion that form of dark-lanternism which disguises itself in the cloak of ultra-respectable "reform."

The men who have been formulating the movement at the Noonday Club's star chamber are, for the most part, personal friends of the editor of this paper, but they hold no credentials from the main body of citizens' entitling them to make up a Council ticket for either party or both parties, or for the city at large. The two great parties should put up their tickets by the votes of regularly chosen delegates. The people can then choose between the tickets. There is no need that a few men from the Noonday Club's star chamber should presuppose that the parties will not or cannot choose good men. There is no reason why the star chamber "set" should attempt to bulldoze the two great parties by presenting them a ticket made up in secret, under secret and exclusive influences, with the alternative proposition of accepting this star chamber "slate" or taking the consequences of not accepting it.

It is significant that there is absolutely no talk among the Democratic politicians concerning Mayor Wells' appointments, which are to be made next April. The Mayor is keeping his own counsel and particularly is he keeping it away from the leaders of the party that elected him. That is all right, so far as it goes, but it would be far from all right, if, while excluding the regularly constituted party-leaders from his confidence, he should take into his confidence a lot of men who had nothing to do with the work of electing him and are in no sense representative of the people. The Mayor is a good mayor. The people have confidence in him, but one of the reasons why the people have confidence in him is that they believe him no

more susceptible to the influences of selfishness which emanate from the membership of the Noonday Club or the St. Louis Club than to those which come from the ward-heeler's groggery. The people of St. Louis like Mayor Wells because they believe him to be as independent of the World's Fair "cinchers" as he is of the "grafting" political elements that would dictate his policy. The people will be very much disappointed in Mayor Wells if they have reason to suppose that he has gone or will go into secret caucus with any set of persons, however respectable in their own opinion, with a view to putting the interests and the wishes of those persons, with regard to municipal affairs, above the interests and wishes of the general public. The people do not see how or wherein the star chamber "push" at the Noonday Club is any better than any other "push." Everybody knows enough of human nature to know that the Noonday push will look out for its own interests not a whit less exactly than any other caucus crowd would do. The Mayor is the mayor of all of us. He should keep out of "entangling alliances" with any special, exclusive "set" of men, in whatsoever name they get together.

The Mayor has nothing to do with choosing the Council to assure the confirmation of his nominees to office. All that is required of him is that he submit good nominations to the Council, after it has been elected. If he begins secret caucusing to secure his own kind of men in the Council, he becomes at once that thing against which he is supposed continually to stand opposed—a Boss. And St. Louis wants no Boss—not even if that Boss be so good, plain-spoken, fair and square a man as Rolla Wells. The theory that the best government in the world would come from a tyrant who could tyrannize for good, is only a theory, pretty though it be. We will stand for and by Rolla Wells as Mayor, but as a Boss he "won't do." St. Louis doesn't want any Noonday Club dictation to the Mayor or the Council.

REFLECTIONS

Ill-Gotten Wealth

THE rapid and unprecedented accumulation of almost fabulous wealth by certain unscrupulous or favored individuals is at last arousing the public conscience of the country. It is evoking criticism from prominent leaders of enlightened thought that would have been considered impossible or been stigmatized as smacking of anarchistic principles some years ago. The other day, one of the country's intellectuals made the declaration that a self-respecting beggar would be justified in refusing gifts from a certain well-known multi-millionaire. In reply to this, vehement protests have made their appearance in various prominent papers and magazines, in which the writers express their feelings of disgust with the propagation of uncharitable, ill-timed and communistic theories, and intimate that the accumulation of vast fortunes is making for the material and moral betterment of mankind, and that it would be suggestive of inane fanaticism and class-hatred to denounce the acceptance of liberal donations from those who are anxious to get rid of a portion of their surplus wealth. The discussion is waxing warmer right along, and is productive of considerable enlightenment of the public mind on a subject that promises to grow in importance and significance with the lapse of years. The astounding and rapid concentration of wealth is often regarded as the surest index of the country's wondrous prosperity, and such it undoubtedly is. But is it not, at the same time, hinting at the existence of grievous, crying wrongs, of conditions that are alien to the spirit of our system of govern-

ment, of deep-rooted corruption in politics and morals, of oppression of the poor in body and spirit, of the helpless and of the uneducated? There are men in this country at the present time who find it an easy matter to enlarge their earthly possessions by millions every year—is this allowable? Or would it be possible if everything were as it should be, if existing economic and political conditions were fundamentally right, if legislation were strictly honest and impartial, if individual and social morality were free of the taint of corruption? There can be but one answer to this, and that is, that such a phenomenal accumulation of wealth in the hands of a certain few could not be but for favoritism and corruption. Our Croesuses, it is safe to say, did not derive their wealth from the mere, honest work of their brain and brawn. They may imagine that they were at all times treading the straight and narrow path of sturdy honesty; they may think that every dollar in their possession is the materialized reward for honest endeavor, but every thoughtful person of unbiased mind does not have an iota of doubt that no man, no matter what his physical, moral or intellectual prowess, has it within him to accumulate millions of dollars without artificial, objectionable aid or the use of cunning of some kind or other. It is absolutely idle to assert that any man may become a millionaire by the practicing of strictly honest methods. The methods may be strictly honest from the standpoint of positive, earth-given law, but they cannot be strictly honest when considered in the forum of vigilant conscience. Every million that is piled up necessitates the violation of some moral law, even if it does not call for the interference of the human law giver or law interpreter. And that moral law involves a substantial duty to our fellow-men, even if it be not expressly recognized by the statute books or by court decisions. This being the case, it does not seem at all unjust to hold that the enormous wealth of American moguls is ill-gotten, and that the acceptance of part of it for charitable or educational purposes cannot unhesitatingly be commended. The motive of giving does by no means put the stamp of honesty upon the means of acquiring, all arguments of sophists to the contrary notwithstanding. Of course, after all is said, the fact remains that it is not so much the individual millionaire, as the prevailing economic and political order of things that must be blamed for the concentration of vast wealth and for capitalistic extortion and oppression, and it is against this wrongful, unmoral order that the efforts of honest reformers should and will hereafter be directed.

Free Text Books and Juvenile Courts

By all means let the pupils of Missouri's public schools have free text-books. There is enough money wasted in other things, even under the best State government, to make absolutely absurd any protest against free text-books on the score of economy. Free text-books will not pauperize any child. Give every child everything that the State can give in the way of education. Give the children free meals, if that is necessary to get all the children to go to school or to get their parents to send them. No price is too high to pay for the widest dissemination of the fundamentals of knowledge among the fathers and mothers to be of this country. Save the children from ignorance and you save the men and women of the future from vice and crime. And let us have the much-discussed juvenile court to save the children from the ignorance or vice or criminality of their natural protectors. The State as an individual has a right and a duty to do for the individual what the individual cannot do for himself. The State has no higher func-

tion than that of standing in *loco parentis* to the child that is apt to drift to the dogs. It is true that the way to reform men and women of the near future would have been to have begun about ten thousand years ago, but better late than never. We cannot do too much for the little folks, nor can we begin too soon. Individualistic ideas are well enough in their place, but they are not all they were when the Declaration was formulated. The socialistic ideal comes more to the fore as the world moves on. Life and its conditions develop the fact that we owe more and more to one another. We must help those who cannot help themselves. We must do it in self-protection. And we cannot do it better than by beginning to help the little children to help themselves. All opposition to text-books and to juvenile courts is theoretical and empirical. It is not worth considering. The State has to do many things that the Fathers of the Republic deemed unwise. The State has to protect itself against the evil in its component individual part. It had better do so by preventing the flourishing of that evil than by waiting to punish the evil-doers. The State cannot do anything better than train up good citizens, and the free text-book and the court for the regulation of dependent or deserted or vicious children are the enginery by which this work can best be done. Parents have rights we know, but parents have no right to neglect their children and send them out in paths wherein "their feet take hold on Hell."

Gus Thomas, *Puncher*

AUGUSTUS THOMAS having put out Editor Sweet, of New Rochelle, with one punch, is now qualified to write a drama that shall utterly eclipse his success in "Alabama," "In Mizzouri," "Arizona," etc. He will proceed at once to construct a play for Messrs. Jeffries and Fitzsimmons, in which those gentlemen will spar and slug, keeping time to a cross-fire of epigrams more brilliant even than those in "Lady Windemere's Fan." But when the show goes "on the road," the editor who called Mr. Thomas "Miss Gussie Thomas" should go with it as a human curiosity. A more manly man in every possible way than Augustus Thomas never lived anywhere, and the whole world of journalism and the theater will rejoice to know that he "soaked" his nasty detractor, while regretting that he didn't knock his block off while about it.

The Case of Hobson

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON has kissed himself goodbye as a hero. He had not strength enough of character to accept an assignment to an unpleasant duty. His fame spoiled him as a hero and as a man. And why? Because it was a bogus fame. He sunk the *Merrimac* at the mouth of Santiago harbor in order to bottle up Cervera's fleet, but the fleet sailed past the obstruction. There was nothing about his deed that warranted the adulation poured upon him, and, in so far as his performance was a "fake," it tended to stamp all his character with fakery. He began to try to live up to a conception of himself that was falsely based and so he came to grief. It is probable that until the girls and the fool newspapers took him up and filled him with "hot air," and banqueting ladies began filling him with "jolly water" he was a pretty fair specimen of the young American, but when he was brought face to face with a duty that involved his enforced abstinence from the "hot air" and "jolly water" diet, his moral stamina gave way and he resigned from the navy in an outburst of effeminate pique. His case illustrates the fact that there is nothing so apt to spoil a man as too early popularity. There is no ailment so deadly to real character, so

imical to good work, so destructive of the opportunity for high achievement as "swelled-head." Of course, Mr. Hobson is not solely to blame for his undoing. He is, in no slight degree, the victim of neurotic conditions prevalent in the social body. He succumbed to false sentiment and false estimates of the value of doing things. He came down to a popular standard of success instead of holding to his own first standards. He did in Rome what the Romans do, and that meant a sacrifice of his own ideals to those of the mob. He became a conformist, and, drifting along the line of least resistance, fell into mental and moral flabbiness. It is too bad. But Mr. Hobson is useful as a horrible example to all other young men inclined to take themselves at the estimate of the thoughtless world of flatterers and parasites.



His Double Name

GENERAL URIBE-URIBE, who has been echoing in the newspapers as a revolutionist, has committed suicide. When a fellow with a name like that commits suicide, does he have to do it twice?



A Good Movement

A MOVEMENT is now on foot, and represented by a bill introduced in Congress, which has for its object the demand of Federal aid in the construction of good country roads. It is argued that such aid may be invoked and granted under the clauses of the Federal Constitution which empower Congress to "promote the general welfare" and to "establish postoffices and post-roads." In view of the introduction of rural mail delivery, it must be admitted that there is some basis for the belief that the National Government would not transgress its Constitutional powers by setting aside funds for a construction and a proper maintenance of good highways. Mr. Brownlow, member of Congress from Tennessee, has pointed out that, in the first two decades of the last century, the Government provided for and constructed a system of good roads, the most notable of which was the old Cumberland road running through Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to a point opposite St. Louis. Mr. Brownlow believes that this was the longest straight road ever built by any government in the world's history. While it was never "fully completed on the western extremity, it was substantially seven hundred miles long, and cost seven million dollars, or practically ten thousand dollars a mile." This system of National highways was subsequently abandoned by the Government, not because of doubts about Constitutional authority to build and maintain, but simply because of a mooted question whether control of these highways vested in the Federal or the State Government. Troubles originating in an attempt to collect tolls led President Monroe, in 1822, to veto a bill which Congress had passed, and which provided for toll gates along a road to be constructed by the Government, and for penalties for non-payment of tolls, to be enforced by Federal officers. President Monroe made it clear in his veto message that the bill was objectionable and unconstitutional, inasmuch as it involved the assumption by Congress of an unwarrantable interference with the rights of person and property. This veto put a stop to all further attempts at road construction and upkeeping by the Government. The bill recently introduced by Mr. Brownlow does not provide for the establishment of a system of great National highways, but only that the Federal Government shall contribute one-half of the cost of building any road, when such road is built under the direction of a State or a political subdivision thereof. A clause of the bill authorizes any State, county or township, excluding all cities, to apply to the bureau of public roads, which

shall investigate and decide if the proposed road is of sufficient public importance to warrant the expenditure. If the bureau decides in favor of the road, it is made its duty to make maps and drawings of it, in outline and profile, and to supply estimates of the cost of construction. The road must then be built by the Government and local authorities jointly, each party paying one-half of the cost. In case the Government does not care to co-operate in actual construction work, it is empowered to exercise the right of supervision. The author of this novel bill supports it by arguments that deserve attention. He points out that, under the present system, every country road is constructed at the expense of tax-payers immediately adjacent to it, irrespective of the question as to who will be most benefited by the road's construction. The urban population, as is well known, does not contribute anything whatever towards the building and maintaining of rural roads, although it uses them very extensively. A recognition of this recently led the State of New York to provide for a general tax, one-half of which is to cover the cost of country roads. Congress makes appropriations for the improving of rivers and harbors. What is there to prevent it from setting aside a share of the annual surplus for the building of country roads? Whatever one may think of the merits or demerits of this demand for Federal aid, it cannot be gainsaid that the time has arrived when more attention must be paid to the condition and improvement of our rural highways. For a considerable part of the year, they are well nigh impassable, and a source of great annoyance and expense, as well as of injury to animals. By transforming them into what they should be—comfortable highways, passable at all times—the commercial and agricultural classes of the people will be vastly benefited, not only from an ideal, but from a material standpoint as well. Whatever facilitates travel and the interchange of commodities will, in the end, lessen expenses and increase profits and make all classes of the population better able to realize their interdependence and community of interests. In view of all this, considerable interest attaches to the Good Roads Convention soon to be held in St. Louis.



Parker Won't Do

JUDGE PARKER may be a pretty big man for New York State, but he is not well enough known to the Democrats of the rest of the country to be available as a candidate for President. Mr. Edward M. Shepard is a much better known personality. The sad plight of the Democracy is shown when eight out of ten members of the party don't know anything about a man that is mentioned for the party's standard bearer. Parker is a good man, but not the man. The candidate must come from somewhere outside of New York, or if New York names him, he will have to be more of a personality and less of an empty, unfamiliar name to the rank and file.



A Matter for Regret

THE erstwhile esteemed and even yet not wholly unestimable *Globe-Democrat* is going in ways that are not those of perfectness and lead not unto salvation. The good old sheet's departure from conservatism and venture upon the course marked by the shrieking headline and the "leaded" introduction to unimportant news is a sad symptom of jaundice. The *Globe-Democrat* should not allow itself to turn yellow at its present age and stage. It cannot be that the paper "needs the money." The paper's reputation for trustworthiness in its news was worth more money than saffron journalistic stirrings can ever earn. The paper will lose in dignity more than it can gain in circula-

tion or advertising, if it pursues the policy intimated in the departure of last Monday morning. The one defect of the *Globe-Democrat* usually has been that it was too much of a political organ. A big institution should be independent of petty politics, and that the *Globe-Democrat* is a big institution with a dignified past and a great future no one can deny. When a paper such as the *G.-D.* used to be, becomes at once an organ and makes a bid for popularity of the baser sort by catering to the demand of the obtuse mind for sensational emphasis upon unimportant things, the spectacle is enough to make the judicious grieve. The MIRROR hopes that the *Globe-Democrat* will not let yellowness obtain complete mastery of its columns.



Keep This in Mind

Look out for a movement in favor of Mr. Joseph W. Folk as an independent candidate for Mayor of St. Louis, under Republican auspices. It is not difficult to discern the future development of the very interesting symposium arranged by the *Star* newspaper on the subject of "Who is the most useful citizen in St. Louis?" The answer is plain before the vote is cast. It is Joseph W. Folk. It looks as if Mr. John F. Wagner, the editor, and Mr. Nathan Frank, the owner of the *Star*, and Mr. Joseph W. Folk, the *Star's* special "property" celebrity, are the coming "Big Three" in St. Louis. Don't forget this.



Modern Shipbuilding

THE sailing vessel is again growing in popularity. It is said that it is the most serviceable and the most profitable type of ship in the coast trade. Modern inventive skill has produced a sailing vessel that is attracting widespread attention in the East. The recently built seven-masted steel schooner, owned by Thomas W. Lawson, has far surpassed the expectations of her designers by covering the distance between Boston and Norfolk, Va., in three days, which is at the rate of ten knots an hour. There are comparatively few steamers in the coasting trade which could beat this record. The Lawson schooner has proved such a great success that other vessels of the same kind are now being contracted for. For certain kinds of traffic, the sailing vessel is better adapted than the steamer. And it is less expensive to operate. It requires neither a large crew, nor large outlays for coal. The new sailing ship may yet prove the redemption of our merchant marine from its present humiliating position. The skill of the American shipbuilder may be relied upon eventually to out-distance all his foreign competitors, without the objectionable aid of subsidies from the Federal Government.



Too Much Schmitz

WHEN Eugene E. Schmitz was elected Mayor of San Francisco, he was the representative of the Labor Union elements. Great hopes clustered round his name, and it was quite generally assumed that he would excel all his predecessors in impartiality, faithfulness and independence in office. His friends used to make the solemn affirmation that Schmitz would prove the paragon of city magistrates; that his record could be relied upon to be such as to destroy all prospects that San Francisco would ever again elect candidates put up by either the Democratic or Republican party. Since then, however, the dithyrambs of praise and glowing expectations have ceased, and in their stead may now be heard murmurs of disappointment and discontent. Judging by current reports, Schmitz must not have a single friend left in the great city of San Francisco, if exception be made of his numerous appointees to office. The Labor Union Mayor has undergone a complete change. Since his election he

The Mirror

A TIEN-TSIN VALENTINE

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

has displayed none of those superior qualities which were supposed to be exclusively his own. His administration has proved an exasperating failure for everybody but the Schmitz family and coterie of hangers-on. Some of his critics assert that the Schmitz administration is the worst that San Francisco ever had. The city's interests and prosperity do not count for a doit in the Mayor's office. Schmitz appears to have arrived at the conclusion that all a Mayor has to do is to provide "soft snaps" for his relatives and friends. Every important office in the city administration is occupied by a representative of the Schmitz family. The city is suffering from too much Schmitz. Everybody that bears the romantic name of Schmitz has a "cinch" on a fat job in the city hall. This scandalous state of affairs strengthens the cause neither of the Union Labor party, nor of municipal reform. It is calculated to quench all desire for abandoning politics in the administration of our cities. San Francisco has the same experience with Schmitz that New York has with Low. Neither of these independents has remained independent very long after assuming the duties of his office. Neither has been able to cut loose from corrupting influences, or to live up to promises made before his election.



Metal Production

STRANGE to say, the production of silver is still increasing, and this in spite of the fact that the metal is now selling at the lowest price in the world's history. The output in 1891 was 138,000,000 ounces; in 1900, 173,000,000, and in 1902, 179,000,000. The value of the output, in 1902, was the lowest, while the quantity was the highest on record. The production of gold, in 1902, amounted in value to \$304,589,862, which is only about \$10,000,000 below the highest figures on record, which were reached in 1899, before the outbreak of the South African war. In view of the rapid development of gold mining in the Transvaal and Rhodesia, the hope is warranted that, within a year or two, the production of gold will eclipse all previous records. An increase in the output is undoubtedly required to enable various countries to put themselves on a gold basis. It is a noteworthy fact that gold production continues to keep step with the world's requirements, although there are some authorities who believe that its increase is not as rapid as it should be, considering the tremendous activity and requirements of the world's trade and finance. M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the well-known French writer on financial questions, recently expressed the opinion that the gold deposits of South Africa are approaching exhaustion, and that it is in anticipation of this that Kaffir stocks in London are in such poor demand at the present time. It is likely, however, that this French authority is making the mistake of drawing too hasty conclusions. There are Transvaal mining engineers who declare that the reef around Johannesburg and the mines in Rhodesia contain thousands of million dollars' worth of gold, and that it will be many years before this enormous value is extracted. Besides, it is perfectly reasonable to look for the discovery of new gold fields in various other parts of the world within the not distant future. It is already known that there are valuable gold deposits in Uganda, in the Congo Free State, in Morocco, in China and in Siberia. So far as the United States, Canada and Australia are concerned, there is every probability that their gold output will be of a very respectable volume for many years to come. The production of gold may be relied upon to grow with consumption, and to provide for the requirements of all the gold-standard countries of the world of the present and of the future.

THERE was at least one subject upon which Mrs. and Mr. Bruce Dunning agreed. Billy Halliwell was the "subject." After five years of married life it is well that a pair of married folks can have a mutual love and interest in the same person.

"Billy was the one man I knew whose friendship looks good to me yet," Bruce was wont to say.

"That's what I say," she would answer, "I could have married him, if—if I hadn't met you, Bruce."

"I don't blame you, Grace. I can't figure him out, though. He couldn't have been in love—seriously, I mean, he couldn't have been in love with you, could he, Grace?"

"Couldn't he? And why not?" she would say, pouting for a compliment.

"I didn't mean it that way—I—what I wanted to ask was, do you think he might have been? You know if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't have gone to Clarehill that summer."

And then she would look away and sigh. The conversation never got further than this when Billy Halliwell was the topic. As a matter of poignant history in the lives of these two people, they had lost Halliwell "that summer" under circumstances mildly mysterious. He had gone to Clarehill in the early summer for his vacation. Grace Tilbury was there, the flower of the small flock of summer girls. Called back to his home in July, he had told his comrade, Bruce Dunning, "where to go."

"Go to Clarehill, Bruce," he had said, "It's the quietest, prettiest, loneliest spot of 'em all, and Grace Tilbury is there. She isn't a bit like what we thought she was, Bruce. Altogether different. Don't overlook her. She helps the scenery and—and all that. She's apt to say things and, well, confound it, Bruce, she's a good little woman, without being a fool."

"How odd!" laughed Bruce; but he went to Clarehill.

"I'll be back in August," said Billy.

"I'll wait for you," quoth Dunning and so they shook hands.

And Dunning went to Clarehill and found the "flower of the flock" and loved her and won her.

When August was at hand they had each written many letters to Billy. They didn't tell him anything, but they asked him to come back to Clarehill.

"I miss you," she said.

"Come on, Billy, and finish the summer with us," wrote Bruce.

"I'll be there within a week," answered Billy, writing on the first of the month.

But August passed and September came, but Billy Halliwell came not. Bruce got a letter from him, dated at San Francisco, but he said nothing of his plans, explained nothing, never mentioned Grace. To find a friend or lose one is an event in the life of a man. Dunning had won a woman, but he began to suspect that he had lost a friend and, strange to say, he was not wholly happy. Billy gave him no encouragement to write, no address, asked no questions, told no tales.

Grace wondered and said nothing. Her curiosity was aroused and left ungratified. She would have written to Billy if she had known where he was or whither he was bent. A woman who has lost the thread of a secret is as hapless as a man who has lost a friend. Men and women cannot give up the necessities of life without bitter struggles. But Dunning lost his best friend and Grace was puzzled and neither said much till they had been married a month, and then, each remembering a reality, they talked of Halliwell across their teacups. For five years he was an

occasional "topic." They could always get in tune on this old, mutual, beloved theme. Where was poor Billy? Why had he not come back that August to finish their summer at Clarehill? He had never known of their courtship, their wedding, their subsequent lives.

But when Grace's uncle came back from Tien-Tsin, one day, and told them that Billy Halliwell was there, an officer in the Chinese army, they both wrote to him and asked him why he had dropped them.

"Why didn't you come back, as you promised, to spend that summer at Clarehill?" she wrote.

"We have been married five years now, Billy," wrote Dunning, "and we never stop talking of you. Why don't you write us? What prompted you to leave me so suddenly and without a word? Did I do anything to hurt you? You know I never meant it, if I did it. We waited at Clarehill till the end of September, hoping you would come. Won't you write to us and tell us what ails you? Grace has never quit hoping you'd come back to us, Billy. I'd be jealous of her if I knew that you'd ever thought of her. You didn't, did you, Bill? Col. Tilbury gave us your address. Do write."

It was on St. Valentine's Day that the answer came. In it was a little kodak picture of a tall, fair-haired man walking by a low hedge with a girl by his side. In an angle of the meadow some sheep were grazing. The summer trees swung low branches across the grass. The man's long arm was resting about the woman's shoulder as they walked. The woman's arm was about his waist. Their backs were turned.

"The little picture I enclose," wrote Halliwell, "is the only one I have of you, Bruce—of you and Mrs. Dunning. Do you recognize it? I want two new ones so that I can see your faces. You've had your backs turned towards me these five years and I want to remember how you looked. Send me two pictures of yourselves. I guess you'll both remember the day this picture was taken; it should absolve me of your accusation about not coming to Clarehill that first week in August. I did come, or I couldn't have taken this picture. It was one of those good, cold-blue days for snapshots when I came. I saw you walking in the meadow down by the orchard, and you were watching the sheep. I remember quite well. I stole up behind you to 'catch you' in a picture. I was looking in the finder to fix a focus—you know what a kodak-fiend I am, Bruce—and then, do you remember, your arm went round her and hers round you, and you walked away. I got the picture—it's a fair print, don't you think, Bruce?—but I saw how things were going and I hated to 'butt in.' Lovers always resent the 'mutual friend,' so I got away without your seeing me."

"Then I came West—to 'Frisco—as I wrote you—and from that good port to Hong Kong, for adventure. I've had plenty of it, but I would like to get two good portraits of you and Mrs. Dunning."

Thus Bruce Dunning read Halliwell's letter to his wife, while she stared at the little photograph and remembered well the day and the walk in the meadow and all that it did and did not mean to her now.

"Do you think he was in love with you, Grace?" asked Dunning, taking the picture.

"Nonsense! No, I don't think so," she laughed, looking over his shoulder.

They were very still for a moment, but then he tossed away the letter and the little picture and said:

"Send him our pictures, Grace. It'll cheer him up, don't you think?"

But when Bruce was gone, she looked away out of the window and to herself said:

"Cheer him up? 'Do I think' he was in love with me? I wish I had known as much then as I know now!"

And the good little woman's black eyes wandered vacantly over many photographs before she found the valentines for Billy Halliwell.

THE PERSONALITY OF CHRIST

BY M. A. F.

"What is the secret of the attraction of 'Ben Hur'?" No one, it seems, knows, exactly. * * * As for the writer of this article, like Paul, 'I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians; to the wise and to the unwise, and there is, after calm reflection, nothing in 'Ben Hur' that diminishes the sublimity of the life of Jesus of Nazareth or touches to the verge of bathos the unutterable pathos of his death, or takes from the tremendous pity of the thought that, looking upon the world to-day, the death and even the resurrection of the Man of Galilee were as vain as all the vain things of the world proclaimed of Solomon. There it is—the tragedy of a God dying for the untold myriads who have rejected, are rejecting and will reject the grace designed to be bestowed in the sacrifice, for other myriads who, mistaking the meaning of that sacrifice, have made the world, at times, a hell in His sweet name. And over against all this, the moral of the book or the play, that, after all, in spite of all the spirit of the world, it is love and faith that alone can save!"

William Marion Reedy in the St. Louis Mirror, February 5, 1903.

THE secret of the attraction of the play "Ben Hur," and the secret of the attraction of all such books and plays, is the love and the reverence that is felt by millions of the human race for the Saviour of the World. "He is not here, he is risen," said the angel at the tomb. "And behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world," said Christ—his last words before his ascension into Heaven. The belief that Christ was God; that his words were, as he said, "truth indeed," and that he lives in and with the "children of the Kingdom," is held by millions of faithful Christians in this present time and period. "For as in one body we have many members, but all the members have not the same office, so we, being many, are one body in Christ and every one members of one another." Thus St. Paul to the Romans, and, for that matter, St. Paul to the Americans, for his epistle is given a wider and more frequent reading in America to-day than it ever received in Christian Rome. Christ lives. This the Christian believes. He is as much the head of his children to-day as He was when He spoke to his "little ones" at the last supper in the upper room at Jerusalem, when He prayed "that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me and I in thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me." The Christian belief is that Christ is contemporaneous. Why not? Are those who live to-day any less precious to Christ than those who walked the shores of Galilee with him? And have they not over and over again his own words for an intimate communion with him in love? "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father; and I will love him and will manifest myself to him." Again: "And my Father will love him and we will come to him and make our abode with him."

Shall one say, on reading this, that it is sanctimonious; that it is cant; that it is trite and outworn? Yet they are the words of the Christ, and as the Jews said, who came back to the Sanhedrim after hearing his discourses, and as Ben Hur says to Simonides, "Never man spake as this man spake."

Was Jesus an imposter?

What profit could he have had in imposture? He sought neither riches nor power nor fame. He had not where to lay his head. He was "not of this world." He gave up his life as the supreme proof of his sincerity—one word to Pontius Pilate and he had been saved.

Was Jesus insane—the victim of illusion, or an obsession, or religious mania? If so, then is chaos

above order; then are the products of an unbalanced mind superior to those of the perfect intellect—insanity is more admirable than sanity; disorder is order in its highest forms. No utterances from the lips of man are more sane, more wise, more orderly than the utterances and acts of Jesus of Nazareth. It is reflection on man's intelligence to assert that the highest philosophy ever conceived, the noblest speeches ever uttered, the most sublime sacrifices ever offered, have been surpassed by the teachings and works of a madman.

The picture the Evangelists give of Jesus is the type and perfect example of meekness, humility and self-sacrifice. Yet his talk is of himself as the Son of God. The one is the Son, the other the Father. The first personal pronouns "I," "we," "they," "mine" are ever on his lips. Never was there before, never has there been since, such transcendent and unapproachable egoism. His discourses are of himself or have ultimate reference to himself. He makes himself the beginning and ending, the alpha and omega of things, and with a magnitude of assumption that in any other man that ever lived would be grotesque and ridiculous, but in him is perfectly suitable. He exacts the attention, obedience and devotion of all men to his person. And he not only speaks continually of himself, but he puts forth personal claims for himself, the like of which were never made before and have never been made since. Take a few of them:

"I am the light of the world."

"I am the resurrection and the life and he who believeth in me though he be dead already yet shall he live."

"Heaven and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away."

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood abides in me and I in him."

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven."

"He that heareth my word and believeth in him that sent me hath everlasting life."

"He that cometh to me shall not hunger and he that believeth in me shall never thirst."

"I will raise him up at the last day."

"I am from above."

"I am not of the world."

"I am the way and the life."

"He that leaveth father and mother for my sake shall have a hundred fold even in this world."

"All power is given to me in heaven and on earth."

"I know him because I am from him and he hath sent me."

"Before Abraham was made I am."

"The woman saith to him: I know that the Messiah cometh (who is called Christ): therefore when he is come he will tell us all things. Jesus saith to her: 'I am he, who am speaking with thee.'"

These personal pronouns are met at the beginning or at the end of every brief sentence. And even this mark of what would be called egoism in any one else is overshadowed by the vast assumption of authority and power and the demand for implicit and unquestioning obedience in every word. Is it possible that any natural man that ever lived could have spoken them? Is it possible that any natural man that ever lived could even have thought them or framed them in his own mind? Is there any living man who can tell their whole meaning now?

There have been great and good men in the world, and there have been great and bad men. There have been fanatics and imposters. But no man, however great and good or great and bad; however wild a fanatic or enormous an imposter ever lived who dared to make such claims or could ever have conceived them, supposing he possessed the hardihood to assert them. All men have not accepted the words and recognized the supreme and absolute claims of Jesus; but all men, those against him as well as those for him, have,

by common consent, carefully abstained from the ground covered by those claims and left it to him alone.

Now to those who accept the words of Christ and embrace the rule "keep his commandments," the words and promises of Christ are implicitly believed. One has to believe all that He said or believe none of it. It is not logical to say "This I believe and that I do not believe," for there were no idle speeches or frivolous phrases. Each word is freighted with the deepest meaning. Moreover, belief brings the fulfillment of the promise of manifestation of "abiding;" and here lies the secret of the worship of the Christ. The believer offers to Christ his dearest possession—the will. He learns to suffer and to endure, to return good for evil, and to "do all things" for Christ's sake.

It is one of the strangest features of anti-Christian thought to-day that it professes to know Christ better than those who adopt him publicly and square their lives by his Gospel. It does not take Christ at his word, but upon its own conception. It fixes Christianity within the bounds only of such Christians (save the mark!) as have made the world seem at times "a hell in his sweet name." Is there nothing to set over against "the untold myriads who have rejected, are rejecting and will reject" the grace imparted by his death, but those who profess his religion only to bring it into disrepute? Surely the writer cannot be mistaken in the persistence in the world of other myriads who follow in meekness, purity and self-denial the lowly Nazarene. The marvelous "secret of attraction" is indeed the secret of love and faith, but it is not the love and faith that are indefinite, far off, ethical abstractions. They are the heartfelt, heart-reaching love of the clod for the star, of the soul for its Maker and the faith that the words of Christ are life indeed and truth indeed. And those who possess that love and faith and work and live by it—are they few? They are as the sands of the sea; but the world knows them not and sees them not. Their secret is guarded as a treasure of great worth.

The writer is reminded, when reading such thoughtful articles as "The Secret of 'Ben Hur,'" of the blindness of the world to what is going on in its midst. He is reminded of those Romans who saw the midnight gatherings of the first Christians and were seized with love for the Christ; of such as Vinicius in "Quo Vadis," and of Marius the Epicurean.

And as to those who reject Christ and His teachings, there is a world of pity for their blindness—a blindness that human power alone cannot remove. The words of Christ were spoken in parables that "seeing they may not see and hearing they may not understand." "Judas saith to him, not the Iscariot, Lord how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself to us and not to the world?" Jesus answered and said to him: "If any one love me he will keep my word and My Father will love him and we will come to him and make our abode in him. I will not now speak many things with you. For the prince of the world cometh and in me he hath not any thing. But that the world may know that I love the Father and as the Father hath given me commandment, so do I."

Everything pertaining to Christ is loved by his followers, and revered by those whom He attracts. It isn't the literature of "Ben Hur" that draws people. It is the story. However badly told, it carries with it the suggestion of that other story, the story of the Man-God, the Saviour, He who takes upon himself the burdens of the heavy-laden. It is indeed "the beautiful story," the story that consoles us for the wretchedness of this world with the promise of another life, the glory of which "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive."

SAINT VALENTINE MORN

BY ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

THE sweet spring air assailed his room,
That lay within the dingy walls,
Where tall and gaunt the hospitals
Spread o'er him like the wings of Doom;
Its freshness thrilled his lips like wine
That morning of Saint Valentine.

All night the nurses to and fro
Had passed along the half-lit halls.
He heard the sound of piteous calls
And the dull clock-ticks, beating slow,
And said, as paled the gray star-shine,
"To-morrow is Saint Valentine."

The wagons rattled on the street,
A school-boy whistled loud and shrill,
A sparrow chirped upon the sill
And distant chimes a chorus beat,
While incense rose in many a shrine
To greet the good Saint Valentine.

The empty glass beside his bed
Held no blithe blossom for the day,
His thin white hands went far astray
And idly groped about his head;
His lips, fast narrowing to a line,
Still murmured of Saint Valentine.

Then Dawn came in and touched his lips
With one swift kiss and hurried on;
And he to utter peace was gone,
Unreckoning of the soul's eclipse;
Full on his forehead lay the sign,
And Death was his Saint Valentine.

From February Valley Magazine.



THE BARRINGTON EPISODE

BY J. F. MILBANK D. D.

EVERY woman is at heart an aristocrat. Even the primitive Sarah, "delighted to call Abraham Lord."

Woman is seldom a socialist or even a good democrat. The aristocratic is there, only awaiting the magic touch. The Lord is always attractive, no matter how unattractive. It is instinct with woman. She doesn't want equality; just the other thing. There's always the desire to be better than the next woman; to see her own name first on the list. Even the spelling of the name comes in for no small consideration, as every country editor knows, sometimes to his cost and disquiet of mind. It *must* be Maie Brown-Huggins. The smallest village has its sets and coteries. Woman does it. Man follows. It's the quietest way out of it—for man. It's all very amusing. In small places it helps out the monotony of existence.

It is not a question of nationality. It is human nature—woman's nature. Perhaps a shopkeeping Anglo-Saxondom brings it out more clearly than in countries less given to trade and economics.

An American or an Englishman may be a commoner to-day—a shopkeeper—but if he strikes luck, or wins success, Madam soon sees to it that they "go up higher." Indeed, nothing's too high, no position too exalted to reach, even if it be a Vice-Royaltyship for one of the daughters. It is the feminine instinct—weakness—what you like. It is the aristocratic instinct. Nothing can kill it off. Rebuff can't; that only changes the venue—if it does that—and it seeks other fields to conquer. Woman is always looking up. Even in religion it's the same. Cardinal Manning found it

so, and spoke some rather plain words to those of the sex who look upon religion "as a sort of key to Grosvenor Square."

In England, when a tradesman has made a good thing out of his shop, he must no longer "go to chapel," i. e., be a Dissenter, as all non-Episcopalian Protestants are called. No, indeed. The "chapel" sees him no more. It is exchanged for "The Church." The sect gives way to "The Establishment"—the Preacher yields the *pas* to the Vicar. This is woman's work. To a certain extent this holds good in America. True, we haven't an established church or the Peerage to receive the Beerage, but we do the best we can, and woman receives every credit for getting "as near the rose" as possible. Perhaps Providence made her so.

Every little town has its ancestry worshipers among the sex, and, oh! the astonishing pedigrees they evolve! Sir Bernard Burke had the reputation of being very kind in this direction. He could temper the cold fact of history most mercifully to some of the new families, and was kindly indulgent where there was a not too patent case of bar-sinister. But in America, we "go everything better."

All our forbears were either at Crecy or Agincourt. Certainly nothing more modern than Malplaquet or the Low Countries. One wonders where the "common people" are, if there ever were any. We are reminded of the little girl who, going through a cemetery with her mother, and noticing the laudatory and complimentary epitaphs, remarked: "Mamma, where's all the naughty peoples?"

This spirit it is, no doubt, which accounts for the international marriage register—a register which is growing so rapidly that it will soon form a Blue Book of itself. A cynic and much disgusted American might prefer to call it a Red Book, because the results of the international *affaires du coeur* (or du cash) so often spell martyrdom.

St. Louis has very recently had a sample. The American girl deserves our sympathy, and our deepest pity. We will not be unkind here, and say anything about the extraordinary haste and hurry—the blind neglect—connected with the whole thing. But as far as the young lady was concerned, she was following only the old biblical bent of her sex. "Sarah delighted to call him Lord." Abraham was the real thing, though. He *was* a Lord, and his letters patent of Divine creation. No bogus Baron about Abraham, or "the Dukes of Edom." But American girls are not going to be scared by the "Barrington" bogey. It will not be a permanent bogey, like some Lord's old family ghost. However, for the sake of many things, for many reasons, let us hope that in the future the lordly applicants for American dollars and ducats and duchesses will be better accredited and vouched for by their Ambassadors and Consuls than the St. Louis *soi-distant* Guardsman and hero of Mafeking.

The whole thing seems so preposterous. If we had read it in a novel, the verdict would at once have been: "How flimsy, how badly put together! Nobody would have been such a fool on either side. Too thin! Less 'plotty' than a dime novel, or a modern Pixley extravaganza."

Yet there it is, and again, "truth is stranger than fiction."

Let us anticipate more care and scrutiny on the part of mothers and aunts who, themselves possessing the aristocratic desire, wish to visit "me child and me niece" at the "dear old place." Men build their *châteaux d'Espagne*, but the women determine to occupy them and play the *châtelaine*. Sometimes the game of playing the *châtelaine* is dearly bought.

The hard-working, women-respecting, "common fellow" of an American father may well put before his daughter all the *pros* and *cons* of being "My

Lady," especially the *cons*—before the irrevocable step is taken. There's every precedent for considering the thing well first, if the Lord be the Simon-pure thing, with Bond street stamped on every article of his attire, and his accent that which can only be acquired, as Thackeray so cleverly said, "at the knees of *Alma Mater*" (Oxford.)

With all this which weighs so heavily with woman, the American girl had well think twice. Nobody blames the Lord; we mean the real Lord Barrington. He is, to our mind, the least and the last to be censured. He simply comes and brings his "goods" to the market. The shame is, and the pity is 'tis true, that there is such a market on the soil of the United States. The American father and brother may well say to that incomparable feminine—the American girl—"Dearest, we know how your sex looks at these things, but, putting all romance aside, is the game worth the candle?"



SHORT SERMONS

BY HARRY COWELL.

I.

ONE morning as I was returning home from a not quite Satanic going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it, I came upon what seemed to be a mere child, clad in a flower-fair muslin gown, sitting by the wayside, her face hidden in her hands, sobbing, as if her little heart would break. As I drew near, I noticed that the white-flower frock was slightly soiled.

"What is the matter, little girl?" I asked. "What are you crying about?"

She raised her tear-stained face—a much older face than I had expected to see.

"I am crying over spilt milk," she answered; and her sobs broke out afresh.

"It's no use," I said.

"It is use," she insisted. "What else is one to do?"

"How did it happen?" I inquired, ignoring her question.

"I took my life in my hands," she confessed, "and raised it to the lips of a man who seemed O, so thirsty. He tasted it; then handed it back to me. It was whisky, not milk, he wanted. When I learned that, I let the cup fall to the ground." Again she fell to sobbing.

"Don't cry; it's no use," I argued.

"It is use, and I can't help it. What else is one to do?"

"O, anything," I said, weakly, and went on my way.

II.

Years passed. One afternoon I came upon a woman dressed in a gaudy scarlet gown all bedraggled and bespattered, lying in the mud by the wayside, laughing.

"What are you doing, lying there?" I cried in wonder.

She opened her bleared eyes and looked at me. "I know you," she said, rudely; "the last time I saw you, you wanted to know why I was crying; now you want to know why I am laughing. What else is one to do?—one must either laugh or cry." And that dreadful laugh began again.

"Sister," I said, reaching out my right hand while I drew my skirts close about me with my left, "sister, let me help you to get on your feet. You must make a fresh start."

She laughed sardonically, and began singing in a cracked voice:

"Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall."

*All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty-dumpty where she was again."*

And she laughed a fiendish refrain.

"For God's sake," I exclaimed, "don't laugh so!"

"Madam," she said, epigrammatically, "a fallen woman is a Humpty-dumpty. I must laugh. What else is one to do?"

As I hurried away, I fancied I could hear the sobs of a child mingled with that horrible laugh.

III.

Again the years passed. One evening, about the hour of the Angelus, I came upon a crone by the wayside, dressed in faded gray that matched her scanty hair. She was kneeling in the dust of the road, her face towards the setting sun. As I passed by on the other side, I heard her pray hoarsely: "O Thou who, though without sin, didst never once stoop down for a stone, whose sacred feet did not disdain the nard, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

And she went on into the West, and was lost in the glory of the sun.

From Town Talk.



A PROSAIC FUTURE

BY JAMES J. RUSSELL.

LORD CURZON of Kedleston, Viceroy of India, had a boisterously grand time, a few weeks ago. His Durbar, judging by press dispatches, surpassed the splendors of the Moguls and of the Cæsars. It was magnificent, expensive and impressive. It made the poor, benighted Hindoo stare in bewilderment and absorb new ideas of the might and pride of Great Britain. The pageant was of such extraordinary proportions, and the Viceroy succeeded in making his own august personage so ubiquitous and central, that some of his green-eyed critics are talking of the propriety of referring hereafter to the great Oriental empire as Curzoneese, instead of India.

It is said that "everything was gorgeous." Lord Curzon had let it become known that "money was no object." He was out for a devil of a time. He had been in India for some years and waiting impatiently for just this opportunity to display his viceregal power and splendor. His efforts to dazzle were ably and nobly seconded by the numerous rajahs, who are still lording it over the meek and gentle Hindoo. There is nothing that appeals more to the imagination of the Oriental potentate than extravagant display and luxurious riotousness. Costly trappings and accessories, picturesque pageants, and vain pomp and glories are what count for the most in the Orient.

A few years ago, India was in the throes of a terrible famine. Starvation and pestilence stalked abroad from the coast of Bengal to the Himalayas. It is surmised that several millions of people perished. Missionaries sent heart-rending accounts of the conditions of want and suffering which then prevailed. Outside countries did all they could to succor the afflicted classes, but their contributions were as a drop in a bucket. The philanthropic Englishman was much wrought up over the news from His Majesty's Oriental Dominions. It was so unpleasant, so aggravating, so depressing, don't you know! But he finally consoled himself with the elastic thought that the Hindoo was, after all, used to such things. Famines are of frequent occurrence in India. They are as recurrent there as discussions of the negro problem in the United States. One of the most interesting and picturesque sights in India is a real famine. Anybody that contemplates visiting that country should delay doing so until the news arrives that the rice and wheat crops have failed once more. To walk through the famine-stricken sections of India is a

grand sight. It is calculated to give one more shudders than the most decadent works of d'Annunzio or the most shriekingly thrilling outgush of Marie Corelli.

India has become famous for its famines, the horrors of which can hardly be imagined. Every tourist that is eager to "do" the land of the Hindoo and Parsee pays special attention to the famine features. He is both horrified and attracted at the sight of skeletoned, groaning natives lying around in heaps, talking incoherently, eating sand and grass, alternately cursing and praying, crawling up to the feet of European "sight-seers," and then sinking back into their previous comatose state of gibbering despair.

It is a strange country—is India. It is a country of ghastly suffering and gorgeous Durbars. It contains millions and millions of people that are forever on the verge of starvation, whose existence is one unceasing round of misery and gaunt want, to whom liberty is an unknown dream, and to whom existence means oppressive slavery. There has been little improvement in the native's condition since the days of Warren Hastings. England is undoubtedly making vigorous efforts, at least occasionally, to bring about better conditions, but nothing worth mentioning will be accomplished until the rajahs are induced, or compelled, to abandon the attitude which they have maintained for centuries and down to the present day.

But there is one fine ray of hope. Some enterprising millionaires are about to establish rolling mills. Their "philanthropic" instincts have been stirred up by the knowledge that there are beautifully rich iron and coal deposits in Bengal, and so they are now organizing to "civilize" the land of the devotees of Buddha and Mohammed with smoke-belching chimneys and roaring iron furnaces. Up to the time of going to press, the rumor that Morgan is behind the new scheme is not confirmed. Neither is there any special reason to believe that Gates is backing it up, with the intention ultimately to "sell out" to the United States Steel Corporation.

It is certainly significant that the Durbar is so closely followed by these reports of a contemplated capitalistic exploitation of Indian iron and coal mines. Maybe, some of the rajahs have been induced to take a few bunches of common stock in the new corporations, and convinced that steam, soot and iron are the things which India most needs, if it is to keep abreast of the times of "general prosperity." After the furnaces have once been started up, civilization will enter India with a rush, and make one clean sweep of all the sleepy, foggy notions of Kismet and Nirvana, and knock all the props from under the feet of Buddha and Brahma.

Iron and steel mills, and all that they imply or are associated with, should prove the salvation of the poor Hindoo classes. Obsolete caste classifications and famine will rapidly disappear when the daily penny-liner of Calcutta contains quotations for Bengal pig iron. When India has once entered the ranks of steel-rail producing countries of the world, then wheat and rice crops will become of secondary importance, and the treacherous monsoon may stay where it always comes from—the solitudes of the Indian ocean. But what will become of Oriental romance, Durbars, the religious sanctity of the Ganges and the poetry of the Lotos?

Civilization *a la* Wall Street is destined soon to destroy the idyllic conditions of India's *dolce far niente* so sweetly sung by a recent lyricist:

*The poor, benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kin do,
He sticks to his caste
From first to last
And for pants he makes his skin do.*

THREE VALENTINES

BY ROY FARRELL GREENE.

YOU were a schoolgirl, I'm thinking, and wore
Ribbon-tied braids and a pink pinafore
When I first paid you, with rapture divine,
Tributes in verse, on a wee valentine.
Rhymes then were difficult, well though I knew
Eyes that were blue somehow rhymed well with you.
Yet I love's compliments managed to pay,
Fervent though scrawled on St. Valentine's Day.

You were a woman when next I confessed
Love in less stanzas, though better expressed
Than were the rhythmic precursors of joy
Once ripping out of the heart of a boy.
Though we'd grown altered in stature and face
Love in our hearts found of change not a trace.
So I with pleading and passionate lay
Wooded you again on St. Valentine's Day.

This is the sequence—love's tribute the third!
Long though I've sought for a sweet enough word
Just to begin it, dear joy of my life,
Playmate in schooldays, and sweetheart, and wife.
Dearly I love you, and love you I will
Up life's fair morning slope, down o'er the hill.
Husband and lover, to you I'd still pay
Largesse of love on St. Valentine's Day.



MILLIONAIRE EXEGETISTS

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

BIBLE exegesis is making rapid progress. It is fast developing into an interesting sort of sport which may be indulged by all who think they amount to anything, and who have come to the conclusion that it is their bounden duty to inform the world of the conclusions they have arrived at in regard to the value and meaning of the Scriptures. This sport is what is known as "Higher Criticism." A "Higher Critic" is he who believes that none of the Biblical writers knew what he was talking about, and that the events and sayings chronicled in the Old and New Testament can only be explained by him who was ushered into this queer world many centuries after St. John recorded his "Revelations" on the island of Patmos. There are various kinds of these "Higher Critics." Some of them devote all their time to the pursuit of their chosen, noble vocation, and have already succeeded in criticising the Scriptures into nothing. Others dabble in criticism only when they have nothing else to do, and when the restless spirit of self-sacrifice prompts them to waste their brain tissue in efforts that do not result in pecuniary profits.

To the latter class of Bible exegetists belongs Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This young man of profound intellect and phenomenally large bank account has lately undertaken the task of expounding Christ's injunction to a young man of great possessions: "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me." These simple words have a very plain and simple meaning, at least to the ordinary mind, but, on account of the fact that his is not an ordinary mind, the young Standard Oil scholar lately ventured the opinion that the Nazarene was somewhat "off" when He uttered those words, and that He failed to foresee the time when Standard Oil stock would be paying fifty per cent dividends, and make it an exceedingly difficult task for its owners to be satisfied with less.

"I do not think," says the learned and critical scion of the noble House of Rockefeller, "that we can ac-

cept the teaching to give up everything in a literal sense." Of course, we cannot. Any man that holds one hundred shares of Standard Oil stock, selling at seven hundred dollars a share, can see that. The adolescent exegetist should calm himself. Christ never had the Standard Oil millionaires in His mind when He preached the advisability of dropping vulgarity. Christ knew quite well what a misfortune it would be for the people of the United States and the world and civilization in general, if the Standard Oil Company were to reduce the price of oil and to forego the pleasures of increased dividends. Be calm, Mr. Rockefeller! The Nazarene never had you or your associates in His mind. He only talked to the common rabble, to those who allow themselves to be held up every year by philanthropic millionaires, who found "charitable trusts" and "hot air" universities.

"Conditions are different," continues the scholarly critic. Certainly they are. Any fool can see that. When Christ walked on this planetary globe, nobody dreamed or talked of oil monopolies, of concentrating banks and trust companies, of extorting choice rebates from servile railroad corporations and of manipulations on the New York stock exchange. Christ, my dear young man, was nothing but a dreamer, with all the impractical ideas of a dreamer; a dreamer who thought it wrong for anybody to take more than belonged to him; who believed that we should love our neighbor as we do ourselves, and that the worship of Mammon is a sinful, foolish failing. Does Mr. Rockefeller really think that Christ intended to lay down rules for this so eminently practical age? Let him reassure himself. The "dreamer of the Ghetto," who was born in a manger and died the death of a social outcast on Golgotha, never dreamed of making the by-laws of the Standard Oil Company, or of prescribing rules of moral and social conduct for millionaires. His kingdom was not of this world. He told the cowardly, smooth and contemptible Roman magistrate who "washed his hands," so why should anybody persist in harboring the idea that He took vital interest in the administration of ill-gotten wealth, and that he had foreknowledge of the time when the common people would rebel against the oppression of the wealthy and voice feelings calculated seriously to perturb the equanimity of bloated bondholders and serene coupon-cutters.

Christ did not talk for the "Christian gentlemen" of the twentieth century, for those who sell hard coal at twenty dollars a ton, and employ boys and girls at the remunerative rate of three cents an hour for twelve hours' work.

But let us give our young scholar the floor again. He continues: "Nevertheless, we can conscientiously give up some things, and the question for each man to answer is, 'What can we give up in our life?'" This is undoubtedly a vital question which Mr. Rockefeller propounds. And it is most astonishing to read that the young man has a really clever answer to it. "I think we might find a solution by giving up those things that may tend to keep our thoughts from Christ and His work." But the cleverness of the answer is somewhat diminished by a failure to point out what "those things" are. Mr. Rockefeller, was, perhaps, too timid to unbosom himself as generously as the subject demanded. Loyalty to his father and relatives and friends forbade him to increase the value and lucidity of his Bible exegesis.

However, we of the common rabble have a fairly intelligent idea of what "those things" are, for they are pressed home to our understanding with irresistibly enlightening force by the size of our coal bills and the rising quotations for the necessities of life. And, perhaps, the young expounder of Christian dogma has an inkling himself of the nature of the things which

make "the heathen rage and people imagine a vain thing." For, if we are not misinformed, he himself is a conspicuous figure in daily Wall street operations, in the unscrupulous game which involves the handling of millions and the ruin of thousands, and in which the most fundamental rules of honesty are constantly being violated.

However, we are willing to give the young man the benefit of the doubt. He may, after all, have the right sort of ideas, but be unable to free himself from the temptations which surround him, or to act as he would if he were not the son of his father. He is the slave of circumstances and surroundings. He would, but he cannot. He knows there is an ideal the realization of which is devoutly to be wished. And, perhaps, he knows, also, that the existing order of things does not permit of such a realization. But he does not seem to know that, maugre all difficulties, all disappointments and all obstacles, that ideal will be reached some day, long after the time when our dust shall be found stopping a bunghole, and the proud capitol at Washington is tumbled into ruins.



HER ULTIMATE CONCLUSION

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

BEATRICE left her husband bending absorbedly over his book, to go to a reception, fully confident that the front door would no sooner be closed on her than he would spring up wildly, dress and go prowling about the city till all hours of the morning, heaven only knew where.

All the way down town she pictured him dressing, primping, perfuming, preparing to go.

The house at which the reception was held was ablaze with lights. She rang the bell, presented her card and was admitted. Mrs. Graham received her graciously, begging her to lay aside her wraps and be seated, which she did, taking a large rocking-chair opposite the couch upon which her hostess had seated herself, resting rather gracefully than otherwise upon its gaily colored, profusely piled-up pillows of down.

Beatrice was amazed at the change in Mrs. Graham. It had been two years or more since she had attended her receptions. Then she had been bright and gay to an extraordinary degree. Now, against the brilliant background of pillows, she seemed like nothing so much as a Rose of Yesterday.

"I don't know," she began, delicately smoothing out a wrinkle in her gown, "whether anyone else will come. I haven't sent out many invitations lately. People forget you in New York, unless you keep up with the procession; and that, unless you have money, is a difficult thing to do."

"Is anyone who writes expected to have money?" inquired Beatrice, casually; for her friend happened to be among the class of those who cover one side of a paper with letters and present it to editors.

"Not much," laughed Mrs. Graham, "but you are expected to spend it as if you had it, which is almost identical, if not quite . . . This thing of money! All my life, it seems to me, I have been struggling to acquire it; even when I was married to him and shouldn't have been. It's a woman's right to be supported. Isn't it?"

It was one of Beatrice's skeptical nights, evidently. "Do people ever get their rights in this vale of tears?" asked she, with a toss of the chin and a flash of the eye.

Mrs. Graham nodded assentingly.

"Sometimes," answered she, "when they least expect it. Then again when they least deserve it. For instance, I have known women to have good husbands."

Beatrice gave a start of surprise. She pushed back her hair excitedly.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Not good husbands!"

"Yes, when they didn't deserve them."

Beatrice gave vent to something like a whistle.

"Good," decided she, "then that evens up for the bad husbands good women have who don't deserve them."

Mrs. Graham observed her with a critical eye.

"I don't believe," she announced, as an outcome of the observation, "that you are happy."

"Is anybody?" demanded Beatrice, a trifle more fiercely than the occasion warranted.

"Some are. Principally those, however, who are willing to efface themselves, to practice the habit of renunciation. It's a woman's first duty, that, to learn to renounce."

"To renounce what?"

"Everything."

Here Mrs. Graham took out a handkerchief of lace and wiped a tear.

Beatrice leaned eagerly forward, watching her.

"Keep it up," she encouraged. "I like to see you do it."

Mrs. Graham straightened herself, fixing her with indignant eyes, gone dry.

"Why?" she demanded to know.

"Because," responded Beatrice, softly, "it saves me the trouble."

She leaned her head against the cushion at the back of her chair and crossed one foot comfortably over the other.

"Come," said she, soothingly, "begin at the beginning—that is, somewhere near the beginning—" glancing at the clock, "and tell me the story of your life."

Mrs. Graham patted the pillows, dug her elbow into one and complied:

"It's an old story," she began, "and a hackneyed one. You already know part of it, that I was obliged to divorce my husband. . . . Well, I thought I had a right to expect truth and fidelity from him, because he was much older than I and of high station, and . . . still, as you say, one seldom gets in this vale of tears what one has a right to expect. He was untruthful to begin with. I gave him my heart and soul. He repaid me with untruths. They go together, as you must know—untruth and unfaithfulness. Yes, I know all about it, the pantings, the walkings up and down, the heartaches. Nobody can tell me anything. I have been through it all. I shall never forget the moment I found him in an untruth. I thought my heart would break. My idol—and we do make idols of these men—was shattered. Friends tore me from him—I loved him too well to leave him of my own accord, faithful or unfaithful—and nursed me back to health. Don't let's talk about it. Will you have some tea?"

"No, no," declared Beatrice. "Pray don't make tea for me. I couldn't drink it, really. It would keep me awake, anyway, now."

"Why now?"

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't know," she replied, "nothing."

Mrs. Graham, who had risen to make the tea, took her seat at the piano instead.

"I know why," she concluded, quietly. "It is because you are married." Then: "Let me play you a little something," she said.

She commenced a prelude of Chopin's, full of rain-drops and sighs and sobbings of a storm, a thing he had composed during a storm, when friends had left him alone, strung to the pitch of frenzy, in a castle on a hill. As she played, Beatrice found herself absorbed in the study of her fingers. They were old,

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those fingers, and wrinkled. A woman shows her age first of all in her hands. Then in her throat. There was a heavy line under her chin at her throat. It was almost as if it had been cut there with a knife.

The prelude, full of sadness, suggestive of the end of things, coincided with the look of this Rose of Yesterday.

Presently, the melody finished, she turned around and rested her eyes on Beatrice. They were old eyes and tired. Heavy wrinkles lay under them. Wrinkles that stayed.

"Do you know," she asked, "once its mate dies, a male ostrich will never take another?"

"Is that so?" queried Beatrice. Then: "Isn't it a pity," she reflected, "that there aren't a few men who are more like ostriches?"

"There are women, and I am one of them. I shall never take another mate. Partly because I should never be able to trust him, and partly because I should never be able to love him as I did that other one."

Beatrice looked from her old and tired eyes to her hair, beginning to be abundantly streaked with gray.

"If you had it to do over again?" she questioned, "would you let your friends tear you away from him as before?"

The question raised a tempest of emotion, apparently. Her friend rose from the piano-stool and walked up and down.

"I am not sure," she quavered, "that I would. There is the word 'divorce,' to begin with. It is an ugly word. It clings to you. I know. It is you who divorce your husband; but how many know that? Then, a man is a prop for a woman. A weak enough prop, in many cases, but a prop. A woman needs a strong right arm to support her, and to defend her—most of all to defend her. Without it she is as helpless as any leaf blown about by the wind, dashed by the storms. Helpless! Merciful heaven! She is a boat cast adrift, rudderless and anchorless!

"Then there's the loneliness of it!" Her voice was a cry. "It's the not belonging to anybody. No one to turn the knob and come in. No one opposite you at breakfast, lunch or dinner. No arm to lay your head on in your sleep. If you have a bad dream no one to waken you, to quiet you into sleeping again. It's the loneliness of it! The lone—li—ness of it!"

Beatrice clasped her hands together spasmodically. This horrible expanse of loneliness seemed suddenly to reach out and stretch itself about her, to encompass her. It was as if she were in deep water and had lost the power to swim.

Her friend stopped short before her.

"What is it?" she exclaimed. "What is it you see?"

For Beatrice was staring wild-eyed, straight ahead of her, as if she had seen a ghost—as she had, the ghost of herself—living this life of deadly loneliness, with no arm to sleep on, no one to waken her and no one to knock at her door.

"I think," she faltered, "that I must be going home."

Mrs. Graham consulted the clock.

"It is only nine," she urged. "Stay a little while longer. Play me something. You play. Don't you?"

Yes. She did.

Mrs. Graham whirled the piano-stool lower.

"I want you to play," she insisted, "to let the people in the house know there is someone here."

This was sadder than tears. In its rush and hurry and whirl, the New York world had passed this woman by, leaving her staring wanly in the face of her ghastly loneliness.

Beatrice played brilliantly. She waked the echoes in that house, playing. She played from Mendelssohn, Chopin, Beethoven; so that the people might believe there were several performers at that reception, one after the other, playing.

Then she rose to go. By now it was time. Nearly ten.

"I suppose," said her friend, wearily, standing ready with her wrap, "that it is too late, now, for anyone else to come. I am afraid you have been lonely."

"Not at all," averred Beatrice, hurriedly, her hand on the knob. "I have had the loveliest time in the world," she smiled, and fled.

The train could hardly take her home fast enough. Arrived there, to her intense surprise, she found her husband still at the table, reading.

Without looking up: "You are back early," he said.

The reading lamp shed a homelike glow about the room. That, or something, gave it an air of coziness

that warmed her heart. She took off her gloves and laid them on the dresser.

"Yes," she returned, thoughtfully, adding, apropos of nothing, since nothing had been said: "I am beginning to believe, when you come to think it over, that any old sort of husband is better than no husband at all."



THE LOST TAVERN

BY HENRY RIGHTOR.

THERE used to be a tavern at the corner of a wood,

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

Lordy but the lunches and the vintages were good!

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

Here a step and there a step, the sun a-shining warm,
Here a step and there a step, the moon a-dripping balm,

Laugh along and sing along, a lady on your arm.

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

Dickie danced a turn-about and Kate a tarantelle.

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

Now and then the Padre Pat from rigid virtue fell,

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

The muscles they were merry and the pit-a-pat was sure,

The waiters were a caravan arriving through the door,

At every dance and every drink the party hollered:
"More,"

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way).

'Twas an easy thing to find that little tavern long ago,
(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

But I wonder where 'tis gone to now; there's no one seems to know.

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

You cannot say that this is it that's standing where it stood,

Its little windows twinkling bright upon the lonely wood,

For where's the wine that was so red, the dishes were so good?

(Jolly boys and ladies knew the way),

From the New Orleans Harlequin.

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NEW BOOKS

A scholarly-written work of a religious-philosophical character is "Agnosticism," by Robert Flint, Professor in the University of Edinburgh. It deals with a subject that is both timely and fascinating, and discussed in a surprisingly easy-flowing, unassuming style. Professor Flint has taken pains to give us a careful analysis of the origin and meaning of the word "agnosticism," which, as is well known, was first coined by the late Professor Huxley. The latter's own account of the reasons which caused him to invent the word may not be amiss: "When I reached intellectual maturity, and began to ask myself whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist or an idealist; a Christian or a freethinker, I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer, until at last I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure that they had attained a certain 'gnosis'—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure that I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. And with Hume and Kant on my side, I could not think myself presumptuous in holding fast by that opinion. . . . So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant. . . ." What is a gnostic? And what is an agnostic? Professor Flint defines the former as one who attributes to the human mind more power of attaining truth than it actually possesses, and the latter as one who will not allow that the human mind possesses as much power of acquiring knowledge as it really has. "Thus viewed," he says, "both the gnostic and agnostic err, but in opposite directions. The former has too much confidence, and the latter has too little trust. Presumption, rashness, irreverence, are the faults with which the gnostic is chargeable; timidity, indecision, and suspiciousness are those characteristic of the agnostic." Like Professor Harnack, of the Berlin University, and other eminent authorities on matters of this kind, Professor Flint does not believe that faith in miracles wrought by Christ is an essential of Christian dogmas. The following are his exact words: "Arguments from miracles and prophecies may lead to the conclusion that the Gospel is not the work of man, but the word of God, but assent to that conclusion is not equivalent to faith in the Gospel as truth. Mysteries are doubtless involved in Christianity as in nature, but mysteries are no more the direct objects of Christian than of natural faith, and a 'mystery' into which we could have no insight would be, as Lotze says, 'a mere curiosity devoid of all connection with our religious needs, and, on that account, an unworthy object of revelation.'"

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tion." Theism, we are told, has its root in the moral conscience of man. It is not an exotic accretion. It is as old as the world. "Knowledge of God has not been the result merely of individual efforts. It is also the product of the collective spiritual work and experience of mankind. Gifted and inspired leaders of men have nowhere had greater influence on the minds of their fellows than in the sphere of religion, but even there they would have accomplished little if they had been without an appropriate social medium, or if the minds of other men had been devoid of affinities to God akin to their own. . . . In the very infancy of the human race, men, it would appear, sought after what was higher than themselves, greater than all they saw, some supernatural and superhuman Being, to whom they should lift up their thoughts, imaginations, and affections, and to whom they 'should stretch out their hands if haply they might find Him.'" As is well known, Herbert Spencer considers God unknowable to man, although, in his "Ultimate Questions," he plainly intimates that he is not an atheist, in the strict sense of the word. Regarding Mr. Spencer's disposition to identify God with the Absolute, Professor Flint opines that "his reason for doing so is the relativity of knowledge. But the relativity of knowledge, rationally understood. . . . is no reason whatever for regarding either God, the World, or Self as unknowable. Were there any truth in the assumption that the relativity of knowledge excludes us from knowledge of any of the ultimates of knowledge, it would in self-consistency exclude us from knowledge of them all; that is to say, it would involve us in universal skepticism, in ignorance of God indeed, but also of self and the universe." Man's knowledge of God is, leaving religious dogmas aside, entirely inferential or circumstantial. There is no direct, positive knowledge, but what there is, is of a simplicity and logic that must appeal irresistibly to the unprejudiced mind and heart. "Man knows God somewhat as he knows the minds of his fellow-men—namely, inferentially—yet through an experience at once so simple and so manifold that all attempts at a syllogistic representation of the process must necessarily do it injustice. The closeness and character of the connection of the proofs have also come to be more clearly seen. They are perceived to constitute an organic whole of argument, each of them establishing its separate element, and thus contributing to the general result—confirmatory evidence that God is, and complementary evidence as to what God is. The explanation of this doubtless is that the apprehension of God is itself an organic whole, a complex and harmonious process, involving all that is essential in the human mind, yet all the constituents of which are so connected that they may be embraced in a single act and coalesce into one grand issue." The above gives but a faint impression of the wealth of thought and learning contained in this latest work of Professor Flint. They are many references to ancient and modern authorities, and valuable, elucidatory remarks upon various religious systems and dogmas. The



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binding of the volume is attractive, and the typography exceptionally good. Price \$2.00 net. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War," a record of the actual experiences of the wife of a Confederate officer during the exciting and eventful times of 1861-65, collected and edited by Myrtha Lockett Avery. This book, as we are told in the preface, "shows us simply, sincerely, and unconsciously what life meant to an American woman during the vital and formative period of American history." The three hundred and eighty-four pages which make up this record contain very little that is uninteresting or commonplace. The incidents related throw strong sidelights upon various phases of the great struggle. Pathos and humor follow each other in quick succession. There is no display of sectional feeling and prejudice in the book. Everything is told in a truthful, simple and impartial manner, although, of course, much stress is laid upon the inevitable hardships and sorrows which afflicted the women of the South during the four long years. On the gory battlefield of Gettysburg many of the noblest and bravest boys of Virginia found their death. In the chapter referring to the sorrows wrought in Southern homes by the results of that momentous battle, we read the following: "One of our wounded, whose father brought him home to be nursed, bore to me a letter from my husband and a package from General Stuart. The package contained a photograph of himself that he had promised me, and a note, bright, genial, merry, like himself. That picture is hanging on my wall now. On the back is written by a hand long crumbled into dust, 'To her who in being a devoted wife did not forget to be a true patriot.' The eyes smile down upon us as I lift my little granddaughter up to kiss my gallant cavalier's lips, and as she lisps his name my heart leaps to the memory of his dauntless life and death." Interesting is the description we read of the scenes which preceded the evacuation of Richmond by President Jefferson Davis and Lee's army. "As darkness came upon the city confusion and disorder increased. People were running about everywhere with plunder and provisions. Barrels and boxes were rolled and tumbled about the streets, as they had been all day. Barrels of liquor were broken open, and the gutters ran with whiskey and molasses. There were plenty of straggling soldiers about who had too much whiskey, rough women had it plentifully, and many negroes were drunk. The air was filled with yells, curses, cries of distress, and horrid songs. No one in the house slept. We moved about between each other's rooms, talked in whispers, and tried to nerve ourselves for whatever might come." The volume is neatly bound and printed.

The February number of the *International Studio*, published by John Lane, New York, connotes rare artistic feeling and discrimination on the part of the editor, Mr. Charles Holme. Among the

contents are: "The Etched Work of Alphonse Legros," by Walter Shaw Sparrow, with twenty-three excellent illustrations; "Modern English Plastering: Mr. G. B. Bankart's Work," by Ernest Radford, with seven illustrations; "The International Exhibition of Decorative Art at Turin: The Italian Section," by W. Fred, with ten illustrations, and a fine miscellany of "Studio Talk" from special correspondents at European art centers. The reproduction by the New Studio Process of Legros's etching, "The Triumph of Death," is, perhaps, the principal feature of attraction in this current number.

An artistic publication that deserves special commendation is "Representative Art of our Times," containing original paintings, pastels, etc. The complete work will comprise eight separate parts; the price of each is fixed at \$1.00 net. Mr. Charles Holme is the editor. In part I, which lies before us, we note an essay on "Wood Engraving," by Charles Hiatt; an etching, "St. Germain L'Auxerrois," by Edgar Chahine; a pastel, "The Kid Glove," from the original study by Aman-Jean; a reproduction of a tinted chalk drawing, "Riverside Attractions, Paris," by G. Dupuis, and various other finely executed illustrations. Notice is given that, with the last part, the editor will contribute an introduction, giving some account of the varied processes used in the production of the illustrations, and some other details which may prove of interest to the subscribers. Published by the *International Studio*, John Lane, New York.

The February number of that aggressively modern monthly periodical, *The Booklovers' Magazine*, is a source of delight to the eye, as well as to the mind of intelligent readers. The contents represent a fascinating medley of comment upon all sorts of topics that agitate the *Zeitgeist*, and the illustrations are well selected and of rare artistic quality. We notice striking pictures of Thomas Carlyle and of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among the contributors are Brander Matthews, Louis F. Post, Hamilton W. Mabie, Amelia E. Barr and Hamlin Gar-

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The St. Louis Art League has decided to institute a prize competition along civic art lines, and to endeavor to teach young people to think and reason about what they observe in their own town. This competition will be open to any one under twenty years of age. The three prizes offered are of such a nature as to arouse the most noble efforts. They are as follows: First prize, a scholarship for one year in Washington University; second prize, a scholarship for one year at the School of Fine Arts, or, a perpetual membership in the Mercantile Library, or, a year's tuition at some musical institution of St. Louis; third prize, twenty-five dollars in gold (offered by Civic Improvement League). The conditions of the competition, and the list of questions may be had upon application.

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Edgar French, left the early part of the week, for Orlando, Fla.

Miss Adele Armstrong left, last week, for New York, where she will visit her aunt, Mrs. Harvey Miller.

Miss Ruth Harlan Grant, of Pittsburg, Pa., will be the guest, this week, of Miss Alice Hewitt of Morgan street.

Miss Alice Chalifoux, of Lowell, Mass., is visiting Miss Martha Blackell. She is a great deal admired and entertained.

Mrs. Eugene S. Abadie left, last week, for Texas, where she will make a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Pierre Bremond.

Miss Adele Kershaw, a beautiful young girl from Macon, Ga., is spending several weeks with her aunt, Mrs. R. K. Walker.

Mrs. Selwyn Edgar will entertain, on St. Valentine's Day with a Valentine luncheon, which promises to be a delightful affair.

Miss Mimi Berthold, who, for the past year, has been traveling abroad with her aunt, arrived in St. Louis the early part of the week.

Mrs. A. C. Robinson, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Scarritt, will leave, this week, for a Southern trip, visiting New Orleans en route.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark H. Sampson are at the Royal Palm Hotel, Miami, Florida. They will spend a month or more on the East coast of Florida.

Miss Helen Noel will entertain, on Saturday evening, with a domino-dance in honor of Miss Pearl Parker of Providence, R. I., who is visiting Miss Dula.

Mrs. Charles Milton, of Cincinnati, will arrive in St. Louis to-day to spend a short time with Mr. and Mrs. John Betts, and also to be present at the Wear-Slaterry wedding.

Mrs. Charles Gore will entertain her friends, this evening, with a pretty euchre party, in honor of her sister, Miss La-cuel, of New Orleans, La., who is visiting her.

Mrs. Charles S. Hills, who has been for some time in Peoria with relatives, has returned to St. Louis and is sojourning at one of the up-town hotels for a few days before leaving for California.

Mrs. Edward Goltra recalled the invitations which she sent out, some time ago, for a reception which was to have been given yesterday. Death in the family was the cause of the withdrawal.

Misses Elma and Queen Rumsey, of Portland place, accompanied by their aunt, Mrs. White, of Detroit, left on Tuesday, for Nassau, Florida, where their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Rumsey, will join them later.

Mr. and Mrs. Medford Johnson, of Morgan street, entertained a number of out-of-town relatives and friends last week, who came on to attend the wedding of Miss Amelia Spense (Mrs. Johnson's sister), and Mr. Ward Goodloe, of Kentucky.

Miss Clara Carter, of Portland place, left, on Monday, for San Francisco, Cal., chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. John Kauffman, who will leave her with friends there and continue their trip. Miss Carter will be absent for several weeks, visiting an old school friend.

Miss Agnes Blackwell has gone to Pasadena, Cal., where she is spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs. George Holland, who has taken a cottage there for the winter. Mrs. Holland's home on Morgan street, is being occupied during her absence by Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Potter.

The marriage of Miss Emma Carten Loker and Mr. Howard J. Black took place yesterday at the home of the bride on West Belle place. Rev. Father McDonald officiating. Miss Alice Gleeson attended her cousin as maid of honor and Mr. Will Bernoudy served as best man for the groom.

Mr. Will J. Thornton entertained about twenty guests with a double box party at the Olympic Theater, on Wednesday evening, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, of New York, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs.

John W. Loader. After the performance a delightful supper was served at the Southern Hotel.

Mrs. Alexander Morton Averill gave a handsome reception Thursday afternoon. Among those invited were Mesdames E. O. Stanard, John A. Lee, E. F. Williams, Warren Teasdale, Joseph Roblee, Minerva Moore, George T. Cram, William E. Heermans, Wallace Simmons, Clinton Udell, David B. Howard and Franklin Armstrong.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Morgan Zabriskie, of New York, gave a large theater party, on Monday evening, to about twenty friends. After witnessing the performance, the party enjoyed a supper at Faust's. Mr. and Mrs. Zabriskie will be tendered a dinner party, Saturday evening, by their host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader. The affair will be carried out with many artistic surprises for the guests.

Mrs. W. L. Nichols entertained, on Monday afternoon, with a euchre party in honor of Miss Mary Kimball. The rooms were prettily decorated and at the close of the game prizes were awarded; the first to Miss Ruth Moss, of Columbia, Mo., the second to Miss Fair. Among the young ladies were Misses Sidney Price, Martha Price, Nellie Hall, Grace Finkenbinder, Clara Stegall, Mary Boyce, Ruth Moss, of Columbia Mo., Georgie Young and Hall Fair.

The marriage of Mr. Holliday Wear and Miss Susan Leigh Slaterry will be the most exclusive social event of Saturday, the ceremony taking place at Christ Church at four o'clock, and being followed by a reception at five o'clock. Miss Slaterry has been a great belle. Her trousseau, said to be one of the handsomest ever owned by a St. Louis bride, was purchased in New York. After the reception, which will take place at the Stafford, the bride and groom will leave for a honeymoon tour. They will choose their place of residence upon their return.

An interesting engagement which has just been announced, although it has been known to the intimate friends of the young lady for some time, is that of Miss Gerda Luyties and Mr. Marshall Prevost, of Washington, D. C. Miss Luyties is the daughter of Mrs. Louisa Luyties, of Lindell boulevard. She is a beautiful girl of the pure blond type, and is also most accomplished. Mr. Prevost is a representative Washingtonian, and comes of a wealthy and influential family. The wedding will take place, it is thought, some time in April.

Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson gave a delightful musicale to a number of friends in the parlors of the Cabanne Club House, last Wednesday evening. The singing rendered by the quartet, composed of Mr. Ernest Stamm, Mr. Sam Black, Mrs. S. Black and Miss Graubner, was very enjoyable. Mrs. Carolyn I. Mehring added to the programme with her excellent readings; Miss Ida Donnerberg and Miss Edna Teahan also recited, reflecting credit upon their teacher, Mrs. C. I. Mehring. Among the guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Ernest Stamm, William Stamm, Mr. Ernest Stamm, Messrs. and Mesdames Ernest Mehring, Chris Soderman, George Held, M. H. Kuhns, John Laird, Graubner, Dr. and Mrs. George Barth and Mr. H. E. Nicholson.

"Horace," indignantly asked the politician's wife, "why don't you men who are running things use what you call your 'slush fund' to clean these horrible streets?" And he was silent. With all his wisdom and experience the idea had never occurred to him. We, of course, concede that the wife's wisdom was most profound, yet, withal, we think we also could give her advice quite as sound, if of a more personal nature: When desiring judiciously to place your money, purchase a pair of Swope's shoes. Swope's are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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MUSIC

A PATTERN FOR PART SINGING.

It has remained for the morning Choral Club to demonstrate that its work may, with profit, be used as a model by all other choral organizations. This practical demonstration was accomplished at the Odeon last week, the occasion being the first concert of the twelfth season of the Club. Nothing so perfect in the way of part singing has been heard in this city. Mr. Kroeger's qualities as a musician would lead one to expect balance of tone, clean attacks and careful phrasing from any body of singers under his direction, but even the most sanguine auditor was hardly prepared for the exquisite delicacy of shading—a rare quality in choral work—the absolute accuracy of intonation, and the beauty of tone which characterized the work.

The programme—consisting principally of choruses from the Wagner operas—recalls vividly a concert given here ten years ago under the direction of the late Anton Seidl. The scene of the "Flower Maidens" from "Parsifal" and the "Spinning Chorus" from "The Flying Dutchman" were sung on that occasion, and although the chorus consisted of leading New York choir singers and included Miss Gertrude May Stein, Adele Laeis Baldwin, Amanda Fabris and others of like calibre, and these singers had the assistance of the Seidl Orchestra, the performance was not a whit more impressive than that given by the Morning Choral Club. The "Parsifal" music has not been heard here since, and was, consequently, new to most of the Morning Choral's clientele. It is in waltz movement, slow, sinuous and graceful, and charmingly fresh and spontaneous, and the words have to do with the temptation of Parsifal by half human, half floral beings in a magic garden. Mr. Kroeger, without in any way detracting from its beauty and effectiveness, altered the form of presentation somewhat, and gave two parts to solo voices and the third to the chorus. Mrs. George Carrie's lovely lyric soprano, which was heard in one of the solo parts, was admirably suited to the high music and she sang with delightful effect.

Probably the greatest achievement of the evening, on the part of the chorus, was its work in the "song of the Rhine-daughters" from "Goetterdaemmerung," in which the precision, surety and ease with which the difficult intervals were sung are the best proof of choral virtuosity.

The sensation of the concert, however, was the massing of Mrs. James Lawrence Blair's Morning Choral Study class, of some five hundred voices, with the club, in Grieg's "At the Cloister Gate." Mrs. Blair directed, Mr. Kroeger playing an organ accompaniment, and Miss Pettigill assisting at the piano. The effect was electrifying—almost overwhelming. The splendid volume, the distinct enunciation, and the uniform placing of tone made this performance immensely impressive, and formed a fitting climax to one of the greatest musical treats of many seasons.

The soloists of the evening were Miss Mary Wood Chase, pianist, and Miss Jennie Osborn, soprano. Both contributed materially to the pleasure of the affair.

THE TOSCA PREMIERE.

Again the St. Louis public owes Mr. Savage a debt of gratitude for giving it a pleasant introduction to an important operatic work. Twice before has this liberal and enterprising manager spent money and time in an attempt to induce his public to find attraction in new operas, though it would have been much to his gain, financially, if he had adhered to the well-worn list that begins with "Bohemian Girl" and ends with "Trovatore." This latest venture is Puccini's "La Tosca," produced this week for the first time in this city at the Cen-

tury Theatre, by the Castle Square Opera Company.

The production is scenically adequate, even elaborate, the ensemble excellent, and the splendid dramatic work of Miss Norwood, the impassioned singing of Mr. Sheehan and the vocal and histrionic excellence of Mr. Goff give life and color to the principal roles.

"La Tosca" is founded on Sardou's play of the same name, and though the playwright's five acts have been telescoped into three by the librettists, and a spectacular episode is introduced, the book of the opera follows the play so closely that any one familiar with Sardou's tragic story will have no difficulty in following its development in operatic form without the aid of a libretto.

Puccini has some splendid moments and his work is, technically, an advance over that done in "Boheme." He, of course, as in his earlier work, follows the accepted modern forms and eschews set arias or concerted pieces, though there are two effective tenor solos, and a powerful baritone solo, that grow naturally out of the development of the story. Puccini isn't a great original melodist, but he can write vigorously, and again sweetly and gracefully, all of which he does in this opera, in the intervals between the strife and stress of the melodramatic scenes. In polyphonic writing he shows a lack of depth and skill, and his orchestration is too often blaring and blatant.

Mr. Puccini employs "leading motives"—tentatively though, and never with a view to development.

The second act, which is crowded with horror upon horror—the capture and death of Angelotti, the arrest and torture of Cavaradossi, Scarpia's advances to Tosca and his death at her hands are some of the incidents—is extremely thin for any composer, but the wary Puccini attempts no fancy figures, and though many and ominous are the creakings, he passes over it in safety. The music here is frankly melodramatic, and, wisely enough, there is little attempt at realism. Puccini is extremely clever in following pertinently his text, but to venture into a description of the torture scene would be to invite ridicule. This composer's best points are his sincerity and a compelling, forceful utterance. "Tosca," as it stands in this form, is an absorbing music-melodrama.

THEATRICALS

The production of "The Only Way" at the Olympic, this week, is a most finished and artistic one. It furnishes very little opportunity for the critic to exercise his fault-finding faculty. It is presented by a company that is exceptionally capable, and that goes into the spirit and grasps the import of the play in a manner that is decidedly praiseworthy. Whatever one may be inclined to think of the merits or demerits of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities," there can be but one opinion of the dramatization of this story of the French Revolution, and that is that it is of clever construction and full of impressive, stirring incidents. The hypercritical may raise the objection that the character of the play is distinctly melodramatic, and so, perhaps, it is. It cannot be gainsaid, however, that the play entertains and fascinates; that it appeals to both mind and heart, and that one follows the dramatic development with sustained interest until the final drop of the curtain. If there is melodrama in the play, it is called for by the very nature of the times and events portrayed by it. There was nothing particularly classic in the Reign of Terror inaugurated by Marat and Robespierre and Danton. Take Carlyle's "French Revolution"—what is it? Melodrama, pure and simple.

Owing to the indisposition of Mr. Martin Harvey, Monday evening, Mr. William Haviland had to assume the role of the immortal "Sidney Carton," and most nobly did he acquit himself. His intelli-

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gent interpretation of the lines and character of the drink-loving and yet so sympathetic Englishman, was rewarded with

well-deserved rounds of boisterous applause. Strikingly good impersonations are the

Doctor Manette of Mr. Fred Wright, Sr., the Charles Darnay of Mr. Percy Anstey, and the Mimi of Miss N. De Silva.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The Rentz-Santley Company, at the Standard Theater, this week, are playing to large audiences. The chorus girls are exceptionally charming, wearing pretty costumes and singing and dancing with much verve and spirit. The vaudeville part of the programme is one of the best ever seen at this play-house. If diversity is what is wanted, then the Rentz-Santley Company's offerings will surely please the most exacting. Next week the "Bon-Ton Burlesquers" will be the attraction.

"Das Schuetzenlied," by Leon Treptow, was given a finished presentation by the Heinemann-Welb Stock Company at the Germania Theater Sunday evening. Mr. George Heinemann, in the leading role, won enthusiastic applause. "Renaissance," Wednesday evening's offering, was well received. Sunday evening, the 15th, "Eva," the great sensational drama, by Richard Voss, will be produced, and Wednesday evening, "Luftschloesser" will hold the boards. Wednesday evening will also be the occasion of Miss Leona Bergere's benefit, who has become so popular with the patrons of the Germania.

John Drew, who is in his eleventh season as a star under Charles Frohman's management, will present Isaac Henderson's play, "The Mummy and The Humming Bird," at the Olympic Theater, for one week, commencing Monday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday. Reports accord credit him with making the greatest success of his career in this production. The role of Lord Lumley is perfectly suited to Mr. Drew's art, giving him opportunities for the best dramatic work of his professional life. He has a fine company supporting him. Mr. Drew is too well known to St. Louis theater-goers to need any extended notice.

The Castle Square Opera Company will present "Lohengrin" to-night and Saturday evening. Friday evening and Saturday matinee "Tosca" will be produced. Next week the old favorites, "Carmen," "Bohemian Girl," "Martha" and "Faust" will be sung.

There is laughter and music and exhilarating sport at the Ice Palace on Cook and Channing avenues. Join in the fun. You'll have a glorious time.

CORRESPONDENCE

CAPITAL REMOVAL.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Again we are confronted with capital removal agitation, which everyone thought was finally settled years ago. It seems that Jefferson City is bound to be subjected to these petty annoyances from legislatures so long as it remains the capital of the State. There is no recourse. Every two-by-four member who happens to get a tootin'-pick crossways blames it on Jefferson City. He deems it necessary, the first thing, to introduce a resolution looking to a removal of the seat of government. He constitutes himself the sole arbiter of the moral and social ethics of the city.

There is little ground for complaint. The capital was located on the Missouri River hills, near the mouth of the Osage River, by the hardy pioneers who carved the State from the vast Louisiana territory. The land was laid off, advertised and sold with the provision that it should be the seat of government always. The State profited thereby and the honest settlers were content with their lot. Now, a lot of hand-out lawyers and country bumpkins, who I would never class as farmers, seek to destroy the property of these Jefferson City residents. The

crime—ah, yes, the crime!—forsooth because there are gambling resorts. The gambling resorts have gone to Jefferson City during the session of the legislature for the fat-picking these aforesaid astute lawyers and bumpkins have afforded. Jefferson City did not invite them, but the legislators did, and they get nothing to fatten on from anyone except them. The members bring these contagious diseases with them, and when they depart the gambling spirit pines and dies like a horned-toad on a Colorado mesa. Poor excuse that, for the paragons of virtue who cry out aghast at a rabbit diet when then have been accustomed to wiener-wurst and cabbage.

Under 240,000 honest Missouri ballots, Sedalla was defeated for capital honors, a half dozen years ago, and the people of Jefferson City were depleted in ready money in an effort to save their homes. The echo of the great defeat has scarcely died away when along comes another salamander with a warped conscience and a pocket of passes and introduces a fool resolution to remove the seat of government. The rabble howls its approval without a thought of the honest people of Missouri.

St. Louis does not want the capitol and the people of Missouri, outside the legislative halls, are satisfied to leave well enough alone. The best way to stop such asinine performances on the part of so-called lawyers and bumpkins is for Jefferson City to appoint a good strong

citizen whose duty it should be generously to wield a club, stuffed with soft mush, on the steps of the capitol during a session of the legislature.

FORMER JEFFERSONITE.

St. Louis, February 4, 1903.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

I desire to bring to your attention a condition of affairs that touches the liberty of every citizen. This condition was brought prominently to the fore by a murder committed Monday evening. The statements made to me by eye witnesses of the affair were to the effect that "three plain clothes men" endeavored to arrest a couple of negroes, with the result that one of the negroes was shot and fatally wounded. The negro stated to bystanders, as he lay upon the sidewalk, that he thought that he and his partner were being "held up" and resisted accordingly. He said he did not know the "plain clothes men" to be officers. He was employed in the neighborhood where he was shot and was known to the policemen of the district as a man of good character. He was treated most inhumanly by the "plain clothes men" as he lay upon the sidewalk. He was roughly handled and one of the men countermanded an order sent on for an ambulance and ordered the patrol wagon instead. The "plain clothes men" found it necessary to introduce themselves to a police cap-

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

tain and a patrolman who came up to where the man lay. If a police captain and a policeman cannot recognize the "plain clothes men," how can private citizens be expected to recognize them?

I have written out a bald statement of the facts of the case as related to me by a couple of witnesses to the affair, in the hope that it may furnish material for one of your Reflections in the Mirror. Yours very truly, R. D. O. J.

St. Louis, January 26, 1903.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Will you please help me through one more difficulty, and prove yourself a real friend in need? It is about the awful condition of King's Highway from Forest Park to Tower Grove Park. Have you seen it recently? They laid water pipes there this fall and left the yellow clay about four feet deep, so all the teams use the cinder path intended for pedestrians. Then, the Hydraulic Press Brick Co., on King's Highway, and the

"Take a Stroll Thro' Bollman's."

Special Announcement

We Are Now in Our New Building,

1120 and 1122 Olive Street.

With pardonable pride in extending an invitation to the citizens of St. Louis to visit our new store, we are pleased to state, never before in the history of the Piano Business in St. Louis or the United States anywhere has there ever been presented a larger and more complete or a more varied assortment of Pianos.

It will well pay you, if for no other reason than as a matter of personal interest, to note the development of the "New St. Louis" by taking a stroll through our immense establishment.

We are representatives of the following world-renowned manufacturers:

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Manufacturers of the "Bollman" and "Reutner" Pianos.

Bollman Bros. Piano Co.

1120 and 1122 Olive Street.

All Phones.

(Leave Cars Twelfth and Olive Streets.)

Frisco tracks have always done their best to spoil it for all pedestrians. Do you know the Street Commissioner, or Mayor, or whoever is the proper authority to complain to? If so, will you please do so, with the proper emphasis, for me and the other poor teachers at the God-forsaken Shaw School, who have to use that road? If I knew to whom to go, and could swear fluently, I'd go myself, but I'm sure you are much more capable in that line than I am. Respectfully,

X X

A PALATIAL MUSIC EMPORIUM

Bollman Bros. Piano Co., located for so many years at 1100 Olive street, has just moved into its new building, at 1120 and 1122 Olive street. In the arrangement of a structure to accommodate the immense business transacted by this firm and provide a proper environment for the music trade, the firm has adopted and carried out twentieth century ideas. The new store is a marvel of beauty and efficiency and reflects credit on the business acumen of the Bollmans.

Wishing to inspect this modern emporium, the writer presented himself and was taken in charge by a courteous gentleman who volunteered to "show him 'round." Starting in the basement, we visited the motor room, where is located the latest types of mechanism for supplying power for elevators, pneumatic tube service and repair shop. Next is the boiler-room and storage place for old records desired for reference. Adjoining is a well-lighted room for a square piano and organ repository, working on the hypothesis that the places of least value be given to the goods of least value. We next visited the packing room and inspected the immense freight elevator, which allows the largest grand piano to be placed on it and moved from one floor to another without turning it up on "skids," thus saving much handling and consequent scratching. The passenger elevator is provided with the latest style magnet control.

It is on the first floor or store proper where beauty and utility are strikingly combined. The woodwork is enameled bone white, rubbed to a smooth dead finish, similar to the way foreign pianos are finished. Every door frame has a carved capping, eight inches high, enameled white and relieved with gold leaf. Each door in the building, and there are thirty-seven of them, is fitted with a full length bevelled plate glass. The electric chandeliers are also very artistic. They are in clusters of six bulbs, each enclosed in a prism globe and hung from a massive brass center-piece by independent chains of large links.

To the left, as one enters, are the desks of the managers of the various departments enclosed in a polished brass railing. On the right is an enclosure for the exhibition of the Pianola. Slightly to the left of the center are two connecting rooms; the first, called the "Steinway Parlor," contains a large stock of Steinway grand and upright pianos. The next is the "Bollman Parlor," where pianos made by the firm are tastefully arranged. On this floor are also a number of offices for the transaction of "quick business;" the cashier's office, a telephone office with a private exchange and an operator in charge, connecting

phones in all departments of the building. Adjoining this, the ticket office, where all concert tickets can be procured. Next the tuning office, where all orders are received for piano tuning; then, the mailing department; and, lastly, the shipping clerk's office.

On the second floor are individual rooms for the Gabler, Fischer, Lindeman, Sterling, Reutner and Huntington pianos.

The third floor front is occupied by the general offices and the advertising, music box and used upright and renting piano departments. On this same floor is Mr. Oscar H. Bollman's private office.

The same elegance of decoration is carried out on every floor, but if one can imagine a unique plan, designed especially for conducting an interesting business with the utmost convenience and dispatch, it is the Aeolian, Orchestrelle, Pianola and self-playing pipe-organ department on the fourth floor. Here the conventional has been abandoned, both in arrangement and decoration. Stepping from the electric elevator, one is ushered into a reception room, decorated in the oddest manner. Some say, semi-oriental is the effect. A cozy-corner, couches laden with pillows, oriental rugs and antique furniture, combine to give this room a more than comfortable appearance. In the center of the room is a fine Steinway Grand (miniature) piano and Pianola. Sitting here and listening to the Pianola, one may thoroughly enjoy oneself.

Directly opposite the cozy corner, one passes through large swinging doors into the concert hall, with appointments as complete as could be found anywhere. A beautiful stage and arch, two Gothic columns supporting each end, a heavy silk curtain, comfortable seats, electric brass chandeliers, which are the pride of the maker, enforced ventilation, stage, head and foot-lights and entrance; in fact, everything that could make the idea complete.

Passing back into the reception room and in the opposite direction, a handsome arch stands out prominently. On close inspection it is found to be an exquisitely carved structure, white enameled and relieved with gold. Four columns support this arch and between each is hung the daintiest little fairy lamp imaginable. Beyond the arch we see the Aeolian salesroom, and directly off from this, the Orchestrelle room. Just how to describe one's impression of this room is indeed difficult. It is beautiful; it is unexpected; yes, it is gorgeous. A hand-painted ceiling, rich wall hangings, and obscured illumination, make a very pleasing effect.

Adjoining the Orchestrelle room is the Circulating Library of Pianola music. Here are dainty desks to use in making out orders for Pianola and Orchestrelle music. A librarian and his assistant are always ready to attend to customers. Connecting with the library are two small rooms; one for the messenger boys who deliver music, and the other for two stenographers, which the Pianola and Orchestrelle department keep busy.

On the other side of the building is a commodious stock room for keeping the surplus stock of Pianola music, and on

this same side, towards the front of the building, are located two individual "try-rooms," where a customer can play over his music before making a purchase. These rooms are encased in an eight-inch thickness of mineral wool.

The fifth floor has the varnishing and rubbing rooms; repair department; commodious storage rooms and also a room for the keeping of piano stools, benches and covers from exposure. Altogether the building is a marvel of beauty and utility, and reflects credit on the taste and ingenuity of this enterprising firm.

\$20.00—MARDI GRAS—\$16.85.

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The artist was painting the portrait of the daughter of the coal baron. In her ball-gown, she was an inspiring study, indeed. "How do you like my arms?" she asked, with that true naiveté which comes with great wealth. "You have a divine right," he asserted. "Yes," she smiled; "I inherit that from papa." —Baltimore American.

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The Mummy and

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THAT'S ALL.

THE LONE STAR STATE

BY W. B. F.

Texas is more than the biggest State in the Union. It is the biggest possibility in the world. Its legislature barred the oil trust, and its temper is opposed to monopolies, but Texas is itself in the business. Texas is running a corner on the future; and west of the Allegheny Mountains the young and vigorous people have indorsed its promissory note on to-morrow. Texas has passed the sombrero stage, and, although young, can yet refer to a past. Because that past happened to be picturesque, we don't like to give it up. Imaginatively we spell Texas in terms of dime novels. After awhile we will spell Texas in terms of mercantile reports.

Texas is coming into its inheritance. It has no inheritance of letters, of art, of politics. Its inheritance is material and commerce. Its inheritance is mines and farms, great uncovered coal deposits, oil fields, cotton industries, seaport trades, stock raising. Its prospects are in the earth and the business temper of its people. It is building a temple to material power and material success, and it has no desire for the other things. Texas is to be the market place of the world, and the market place is the center and power of the things that are.

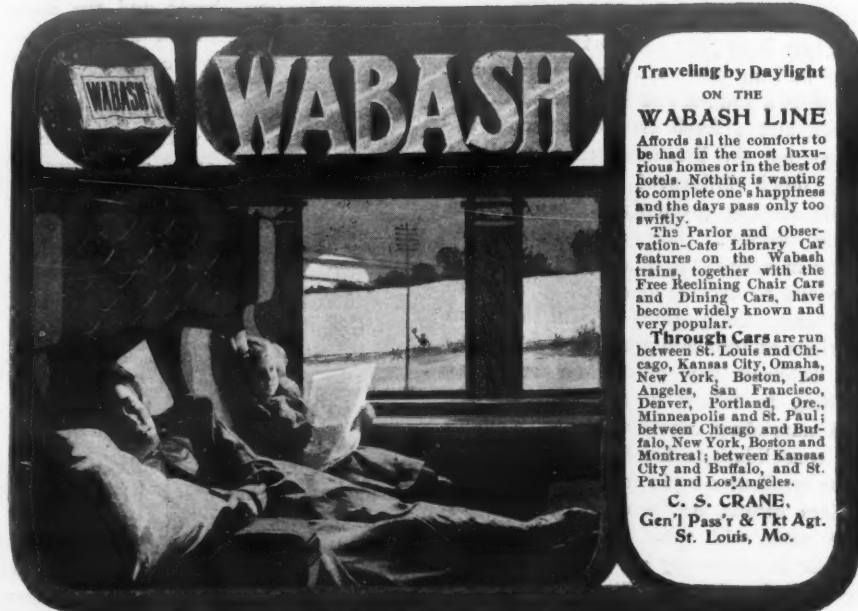
The citizen of Texas has not yet come. He is still in the womb of the present generation. The senile States and the old world are pouring their types into this vast crucible. The new metal is flowing and unformed. But we can see that the old casts are broken. There is no tradition of Southern chivalry left to temper it; no tradition of the careless, prodigal West; no tradition of the sparing, penny-wise thrift of half-starved peoples. Material prosperity, the new ideas of commercial greatness, the avid grasping after the realities of wealth, and business concern, are the forces that are shaping the new destiny of Texas. With other things, the creatures of the spirit, this forming power does not reckon. After awhile it may buy art and letters, universities, scholars, books, refinements. It will buy these things as a rich man would buy rare editions; for amusement and show, and not for any personal, living interest in them. These things have no place in business.

Texas sprawls over the southwest like an unwieldy giant. Its people were too few to do anything with it. Not so long ago the Texan was a camper out. Broadly speaking, he was willing to make a living off nature, and affected to despise civilization. He owned vast pasture land, hired negroes to raise cotton, and let the Chicago agent make a good thing out of his beef. Twenty years ago Texas was the Texas of Hoyt's play, and the comic illustrations of *Puck* and *Judge*. The general impression was that anybody who claimed to be out of Texas and didn't wear long hair, a big hat and a Colt's revolver was a fake. That sort of a Texan died out some time ago. German immigrants and Eastern drummers put him out of business. Railroads and the picturesque don't go together. The State

began filling up with a new sort of people. They wanted to make money. They strung barbed wire fences, displaced the lazy negro cotton picker, set up small stores, and were strictly business. The cities in Texas began to organize trade bodies, chambers of commerce, and chase dollars. All over the State the new spirit spread. The railroads brought in more people. These people came for business. They were not there for fun, for their health, or to get away from civilization. They were there to make a living. Incidentally, they had to develop the natural resources of the State. The era of waste had passed. Everybody got busy. The old timers were crowded to the wall. The new comers didn't care a rap for Bowie and the Alamo. They were even too busy to bother with politics. The oldtimers held down seats in the legislature, passed rube legislation and howled for Joe Bailey because he wouldn't wear a dress suit. Nice old veterans like Gov. Sayers got the offices, and thought they were running Texas, because the real people were so busy making money that they had no time to monkey with politics. But in spite of the old guard and fireworks orators, Texas began to change. The dollar marks got bigger and bigger. The quiet, but irresistible time-spirit, swept over the face of the land, and the sprawling giant woke up. And still the railroads brought in more people, thrifty Northern people, without any traditions, and filled with a great eagerness to make money. The politicians and the grangers still kept on shouting, but their sons went to work in stores, talked business, advertised their wares, and got a grip on real affairs.

Railroad managers saw the change coming. They played up Texas, and kept rushing in the thousands of new toilers. The M., K. & T. took a fall out of old schedules and put on trains like the Katy flyer. The Katy flyer woke Texas up. Fast mails, fast freights, fast passengers, hit the oldtimers with the shock of a live wire. All over the world passed the word: "Texas is on the boom." The St. Louis and Chicago business houses began to fight for trade. New York drummers went out to the West. The world passed along to the toilers. The man who had to work for his living and got more work than living out of it left the played-out States for the land of big things, and big chances. The German across the sea came over with his steady habits of thrift and industry. The workers in all lands took steerage passage for America, and when they reached New York asked the way to Texas. For Texas was on the boom, and there was room to spare on the crest of the wave of prosperity.

The people who had settled Texas took the produce of the earth as it was offered them and thanked God for good living and free government. The people who invaded Texas, the new, strong, seeking people took free government as a matter of course, and wanted something better than a good living. Over the soil they built dividend paying factories, homes, office buildings, warehouses. Under the soil they burrowed



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C. S. CRANE,
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St. Louis, Mo.

for mines, experimented, poked around, wrestled with nature for the omnipotent dollar. Farm lands grew more valuable, concessions of all sorts, of more account, products increased in worth; new devices in all manner of farming and manufacturing, and the various cotton processes were employed, as is the custom of coming people everywhere.

The boundaries of Texas were never stinted by politicians. Its vastness was its boast. Under the new order it became not merely a boast, but a utility. The State is big enough to contain all things necessary to wealth and power. The seekers that poured into it were not content merely to vegetate on the casual and unforced offerings of the soil. They sought after everything that could be transmuted into dollars, and nothing was denied them. They are seeking yet, but the vaster treasure is practically untouched. Things happen in a hurry under such conditions. The oil wells at Beaumont were discovered. The news flashed all over the world. Texas had suddenly furnished the greatest oil deposits known. The Russian monopoly in the north was threatened with a rival. Like the gold seekers of forty-nine, the oil miners of ninety-one made fortunes in a day. The oil flowed in an unending stream. Thousands of companies were formed to exploit the new wealth. The story of the Beaumont oil fields was told all over the world. Texas became to the imagination of the day what El Dorado was to the Spanish cavaliers, what Mississippi was to Europe in the time of Law and his imperial scheme. Hundreds of frauds sprung up, fake companies, impossible corporations, get-rich-quick grafters. But these were the bubbles on the surface. One and another might burst, but still the oil fields and the gigantic riches of Texas deposits were real. Now the wildness of speculation has passed. The excitement has subsided. Conservative control is quietly effecting the transfiguration of the State from a pasture land, and a cotton growing country, to an empire of mineral riches.

Like the scaffolding of some skyscraper, the outlines of the State's future importance are beginning to arise. All the materials are piled up with prodigal profusion. But the brains to plan and

scheme, the hands to toil, are still too few. Into the empire of the South pours the stream of immigration. More people are needed, more brains, more hands.

Texas is in the period of sudden change. It is not the State of ten years ago, nor the State of ten years to come. What Missouri is now, what Illinois is now, what Wisconsin, Maine, Virginia, New York—they will be the same for a quarter of a century more. Texas is forgetting its past, and nobody can foretell its future. It is changing, developing, expanding, its population, shifting, increasing, growing vastly more active, concentrated on one thing alone; money. The State has a message. Its message message is this: "Something doing in is modern, true and to the point. Its Texas."

Texas is the backbone of the Southwest. It opens on the sea, and is bounded by the rest of the United States. Geographically it is a prodigy, politically a nonentity, but commercially a possibility defined only by the limits of nature. By providential intention it is designed and consecrated to the powers of material accomplishment. It has a number of traditions, but they have been carefully packed away as curiosities, and in no manner interfere with its present need of good business. It maintains a number of politicians, also curiosities, but beside a little shouting and octopus defying, they are harmless, ineffectual, and the State can afford to keep them as Fourth of July and Alamo anniversary numbers. There was a race question in Texas, but the flood of immigration has forced out the unfit, and the question has been satisfactorily answered. Texas has had a good many boomers, but it does not need boomers so much as a few more hard working, frugal, dollar hunting, immigrants. These the State is getting, because the world is just waking up to the fact that Texas is the only good thing that has not yet been played. The game is still open and the roof is still the limit.



Our late importation of Art Nouveau bronzes and electroliers is positively unsurpassed this side of New York. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

THE STOCK MARKET

There is as yet no sign of an approaching bull movement. Every other day, there is a sudden rise in some particular stock and a fresh crop of enticing rumors, but the list, taken as a whole, is not much influenced thereby. Every little rise is promptly followed by a little decline. The manipulative efforts in various directions are too baldly obvious to deceive anybody. These are no longer the glorious days of the boom periods of 1901 and 1902, when the public believed any old rumor and was willing to follow in the wake of any old marauding, mouthy gambler. Rumors of consolidations have lost their effect. The syndicates begin to realize that outsiders cannot be "worked" forever by the same old trick. The speculative public is commonly assumed to be very gullible, but its gullibility does not prevent it from resorting to thinking of its own once in a while, and from remembering past follies and disappointments.

At this writing, the market acts in a very uncertain manner. There is no decided tendency in either direction. Manipulation is trying to revive activity, but does not meet with encouraging success. Broadly considered, the whole market is a very artificial and a very suspicious affair. The big fellows that support it seem to have even less confidence in the future than have the outsiders, whom they try to bamboozle and to fleece. It does not require much power of observation to come to a recognition of the fact that the tendency is downwards, and will probably remain so for months to come. The occasional "spurts," and the occasional million-share days, do neither obscure, nor deceive. They only tend to put the weakness of the speculative structure into bolder relief.

Will the bull leaders succeed in again arousing public interest and in bringing about another tremendous bulge? Judging by the events of the last few months and present indications, there can be no question but that legitimate conditions as they now exist do not warrant a revival of bullish activity at the present time, even if we must admit that the tide of business activity and prosperity is still very strong. Current quota-

tions for leading shares and the state of things in the domestic and international money markets are not calculated to attract careful buyers. Besides this, there is not such an abundance of idle money looking for investment as seems to be presumed by some authorities in Wall street. The call rate is down to 3 per cent. again. But why? Because there is no activity in stock speculation. A revival of speculative activity on the bull side would quickly rush the rate up to 6 and 10 per cent. again. That the money market is not in as reassuring a condition as Wall street is trying to make us believe, may be inferred from the fact that the rate for time loans is now higher than it has been in any February for years past. In consideration of all this, the opinion is warranted that bull leaders have no foundation for a fresh boom at the present time. If they really intend to lift prices, they will have to be satisfied with a waste of cunning and mere muscle.

The pronounced weakness displayed by Pennsylvania and New York Central attracts considerable attention. The first-named continues to reflect heavy liquidation, and this liquidation has been much in evidence ever since the shares sold at 170 last year. They are now barely steady at 151. New York Central dropped to 149½, the other day. It sold at 168¾ in 1902. These figures show that both issues have recorded practically the same decline. Both are down about twenty points from the high level. New York Central may, as many stoutly believe, be a good investment, but, as a matter of fact, it cannot be said that it has ever rewarded its friends very handsomely. The stock has never fulfilled the fond, glowing expectations which were entertained at the beginning of the stock boom in 1898. At current quotations, it is barely seven points above the high level of three and four years ago. During the same period, Atchison common has risen from 15 to 88 (taking current quotations only); Louisville & Nashville from 65 to 125; Union Pacific from 39 to 102; Missouri Pacific from 45 to 112; St. Paul common from 112 to 178; Southern preferred from 50 to 94, and Reading common from 20 to 65. New York Central is a Vanderbilt stock, but its classification has not helped it to any noteworthy extent. Neither has Pennsylvania been much of a favorite or much of a "hummer," in spite of the fact that the system it stands for is always referred to as the leading and most valuable one in the country.

Much is being made of the decision of the court which permits the United States Steel Corporation to go ahead with the carrying out of its conversion plan. On receipt of the news, both preferred and common rallied rather sharply, but it did not look as if the advance really reflected substantial buying. There is reason to believe that the rise was due to buying for short rather than for long account. The action of the shares indicates, however, that efforts are still making to lift values. Some of the best judges in Wall street believe that insiders have practically decided to advance both common and preferred, the former to at least 50, and

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the latter to about 98. It is not stated, though, whether the lifting process is to be begun now, or two years hence. Whatever the intentions or plans may be, steel shares will be closely watched from now on. It would seem that they are to be made the leaders in the next bull movement, whenever that may make its appearance.

The traction shares appear to have taken a back-seat, temporarily. None of them has been particularly active or strong in the last two weeks. The "wise guys" are a unit, however, in declaring that Manhattan and Brooklyn Rapid Transit should be bought in large chunks and without interruption. They may know what they are talking about, but the average outsider fails to understand where the tempting merits of the traction shares come in, or why they should be worth more than present prices, which are already markedly above the real level of intrinsic value. Neither Manhattan, nor B. R. Transit, nor Metropolitan holds out any special inducement to would-be purchasers. The man who knows the value of money will leave these stocks severely alone, and let somebody else make the profits and then burn his fingers in them.

They are trying to make Amalgamated Copper appetizing to "suckers." Everything is being done to stimulate interest in these discredited shares. Even the price of the metal is being rigged and raised, and the raising process will be continued until the bears will be made to comprehend fully what it means to raise the devil. Like Sugar, Amalgamated is a fine gamble for the high rollers in Wall street, who do not mind dropping a few thousands on occasion. It is a good stock to be long of at the right time, but the small fellow will not forget that it has the habit of fluctuating in a heartrendingly wide and expensive manner when least expected. While Amalgamated looks "good," it has spoiled many a speculative appetite.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Things are quiet in the local market. Investment demand is still conspicuous by its absence. The daily transactions on the stock exchange are not very interesting. Brokers say they could easily handle more orders, and seem to believe that improvement is not far off. They are evidently expecting a revival of bullish confidence and more encouraging conditions in the money situation.

Liquidation could be detected again in several directions. Colonial dropped to 199½; Commonwealth to 305 and Bank of Commerce to 385. Germania Trust is selling in small lots at 232; Missouri at 128¾ and Mississippi Valley at 460. Sales of Boatmen's have been made at 250. Lincoln Trust is quoted at 264½ asked, and American Central at 175 asked. There has been no sale of the last-named for some days. For German Savings Institution 410 is bid and for Third National 340.

St. Louis Transit has developed a little steadiness and is now selling at 27¾. United Railways preferred met good support around 80 and 80¼; it is now selling at 80½. The 4 per cent. bonds are still selling at 84½. Central Coal & Coke common dis-

plays less activity. Sales are being made at 67. St. Louis Cotton Compress certificates may be bought at 50. Granite-Bimetallic is weak at 1.10.

St. Louis 3.65s are quoted at 99½ bid, Imperial Brewery 6s at 102½ bid, Brewing Association 6s at 93 bid, and Laclede 5s at 107¼ bid.

Bank clearances, for 1892, amounted to \$2,506,804,320, which compares with \$2,270,680,216 in 1901. The total resources of St. Louis banks and trust companies, according to Mr. Stoddart's careful statement, in December, 1902, were \$306,812,526, against \$264,278,596 for the same month in 1901.

Sterling exchange is firm at 4.87½. Local money rates are steady at 5½ and 6 per cent.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. L. E.—You ask whether the new St. Louis & Suburban twenty-year 5s are a safe investment. In my opinion, they are not, and for the following reasons: The operating expenses are too low; the bonded indebtedness is too heavy, and the surplus too small. Considering that a large portion of the territory through which the lines run lies beyond the city limits, where traffic is necessarily limited and slow of growth, does not warrant the conclusion that the present ratio of operating expenses (61 per cent of gross) is too high and will permit of any material reduction. The assertion that all improvements and additions to equipment have been completed need not be seriously considered. It is too obviously untenable to merit special consideration in determining the value of the bonds. The total issue is \$7,500,000, of which 3,300,000 bonds are intended to retire underlying bonds of a like amount. If the total amount authorized should be sold later on (as is practically certain will be done), the small saving expected from the rate reduction will be more than offset by enlarged interest charges. Af-

ter the conversion, the \$300,000 incomes will be a fixed charge, which at present they are not. For a system situated as the St. Louis & Suburban is, a bonded indebtedness of this size is entirely too large, and more so when it is considered that the total gross for the past year amounted to only about \$890,000. The surplus for the past year was \$77,354. This must be regarded as a dangerously narrow margin, and as one that should make prudent investors hesitate to invest their money in the 5 per cent. bonds. If the bonds were a really desirable investment, they could not be bought at less than 108, or thereabouts. There are securities on the market which draw the same rate of interest and which I would much prefer to St. Louis & Suburban new 5s.

J. F. O'D.—Mexican 5s are regarded as fairly safe investments. Personally, however, I would prefer to put my money in home bonds. The trust company stock mentioned is not too high.

"Salem."—Keep out of Chicago Terminal. Great Western common is no tempting purchase at present. Would prefer the 5 per cent preferred "B" shares as a purchase for a "long pull," even if they are, as you say, too slow for a speculation.

T. R. E., St. Joseph, Mo.—Can't advise purchases of Atchison common at this time. Republic Iron preferred seems to be selling for all it is worth. It is not a very reputable stock.

"Viator," Emporia, Kans.—Would advise you to sell Union Pacific preferred. No, do not believe there will be much of a decline, if any, in the next few weeks. It is merely a see-saw market, with stock-jobbers trying to catch the public.

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate, \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

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LEAVE ST. LOUIS

9:04 A.M.
12:02 NOON
9:00 P.M.
11:40 P.M.

ARRIVE CHICAGO

5:04 P.M.
8:05 P.M.
7:15 A.M.
8:10 A.M.

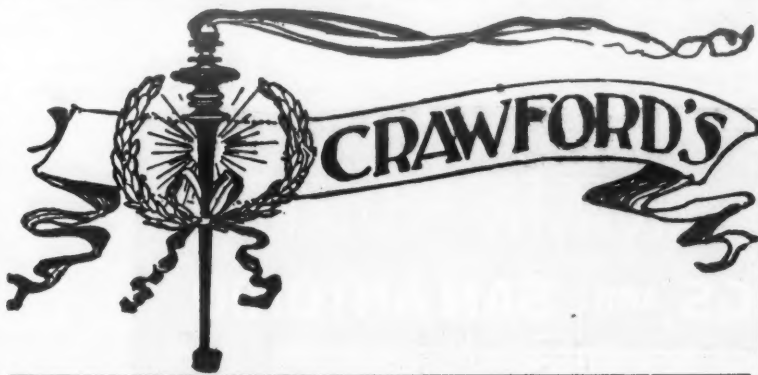
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The Second Week OF OUR Snow-Capped Mountain Sale

has had 50 cars more of New White Goods Merchandise added to it, and therefore should be more interesting to the public!!

Note the following:

Muslin Underwear

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An Unprecedented Offer to Brides.

Bridal Sets from
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- A Nainsook set, handsomely trimmed with lace and tucks, 4 pieces at \$7.50 set, now\$5.00
- A Four-piece Set, Point de Paris insertions and edge, with ribbon, a \$11.00 set for.....\$7.50

An elaborately trimmed Bridal Set of 4 pieces, with dainty lace edge and insertions and baby ribbon, a \$15.50 set for.....\$10.50
And numerous other styles and prices.



Cambric Skirt, like cut, bow-knot design, in Point d' Paris insertion and edge, cambric foot-ruffle, a \$1.15 skirt for.....75c

Cambric Skirt, with 3 rows of Point d' Paris lace, cambric foot ruffle, a \$1.35 skirt for.....\$1.00



Muslin Gowns, like cut, yoke with hemstitched tucks, 65c gowns for..47c

- Corset Covers, high neck, tight fitting, made of Cambric, now.....19c
- Nainsook Corset Cover, front trimmed with two rows of lace insertion and edge French style, 50c cover for.....39c
- Corset Cover, made of long cloth, lace and ribbon trimmed blouse front, a \$1.00 cover for.....75c
- A very dainty Corset Cover, full front, trimmed with three rows of wide lace insertion and ruffle, a \$1.49 cover for.....\$1.00



- A Cambric Skirt, like cut, trimmed with Medici lace and tuck, a \$2.35 skirt for.....\$1.75
- Cambric Skirt, with four rows of dainty insertion and edge, a \$2.95 skirt for.....\$2.25
- Extra fine quality of Cambric Skirt, flounce with clusters of hemstitched tucks, deep embroidery ruffle, worth \$2.35, now.....\$1.75



- Muslin Skirt, like cut, embroidery trimmed, full width, finished with deep foot ruffle, a \$1.35 skirt for \$1.00
- Fine Nainsook Gown, chemise style, neck trimmed with two rows Val. insertion and edge, three rows of beading and ribbon, elbow sleeves with deep ruffle edged with lace; a Special Bargain for.....98c
- Slip-Over Gown of long cloth, front and back with lace insertions, hemstitching and ribbon—also sleeve with insertion and lace, a \$1.75 gown for.....\$1.48

White Goods.

- Very fine quality Scotch Wash Lawn, a solid 35c and 40c value; White Sale Price.....15c
- 100 Pieces of English Long Cloth, 12 yards to bolt; White Sale Price.....\$1.00
- 40-inch Bishop Lawn, extra quality for dresses, 20c value; White Sale Price.....15c
- 200 pieces of very fine India Linen, 25c value; White Sale Price.....20c
- 33-inch White Striped Madras, 20c value; White Sale Price.....15c
- Heavy Mercerized Madras Shirting, in beautiful patterns, 45c value; White Sale Price.....35c
- 40-inch Victoria Lawn, big bargain; White Sale Price.....10c
- 32-inch heavy white Oxford, 20c value; White Sale Price.....15c
- Big line of pin-checked Dimity, 15c value; White Sale Price.....10c
- 45-inch French Lawn, 30c value; White Sale Price.....20c
- Silk Mercerized Etamine Waist Cloth; White Sale Price.....35c

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Racing Corporation

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BENOIST BUILDING. - - - ST. LOUIS.

Up to a few years ago, horse racing for money was looked upon as purely a pastime of sports. No one dreamed that the time would come when the betting of money on horse races and the operation of a racing stable could be converted into one of the greatest factors in the investment field. That is just what the great firm of E. J. ARNOLD & CO. has done.

Four years' trial have proved their plans wonderfully successful. Arnold & Co. can actually earn for you a weekly dividend on your investment. For instance:

\$50 Earns \$52 a year.

\$100 earns \$104 a year.

\$200 earns \$208 a year.

\$500 earns \$520 a year.

\$1,000 earns \$1,040 a year.

\$2,000 earns \$2,080 a year.

\$5,000 earns \$5,200 a year.

And, furthermore, they can do it safely.



The United States authorities have thoroughly examined the business of Arnold & Co., and the result of their close scrutiny is that the business of the company meets the Federal laws as fully as any other business enterprise, as much so as a bank or trust company or a great wholesale house.

One of the cardinal features of this firm is, that all moneys are on call at its clients' demand.

NOT IN ONE INSTANCE HAS A CLIENT
BEEN TURNED AWAY DISSATISFIED.

The racing stable of the Arnold Company is headed by Gold Heels, the champion thoroughbred of 1902. Gold Heels captured both the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps and was the leading breadwinner of the McLewee stable. Gold Heels and his stable companion, Major Daingerfield, won over \$75,000 on the Metropolitan tracks last season. Mr. Arnold paid a big price for Gold Heels, and will use the magnificent son of The Bard and Heel and Toe in the stud should he fail to race next year. Gold Heels is now at the Arnold farm near Greenville, Ill., where he will be turned out until next spring. Dr. W. H. Rexford, the eminent veterinarian, who came all the way from New Orleans to "fire" the great horse, is positive that Gold Heels will stand training again next season, and prove fully as useful a performer as he was this year. Besides Gold Heels, the Arnold firm owns Fitzbrillar, the crack son of Fitzjames—Brillar, admittedly the best 2-year-old developed on the Western circuit this season. Fitzbrillar won a valuable juvenile stake the last time he started at Worth this fall from a field of the best 2-year-olds in training at Chicago. Other useful 2-year-olds in the Arnold stable are Fort Wayne, who showed such brilliant form at Delmar and the Fair Grounds this fall; Wolfram, a frequent winner at Delmar, and Ben Lear another regular winner at Delmar.

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